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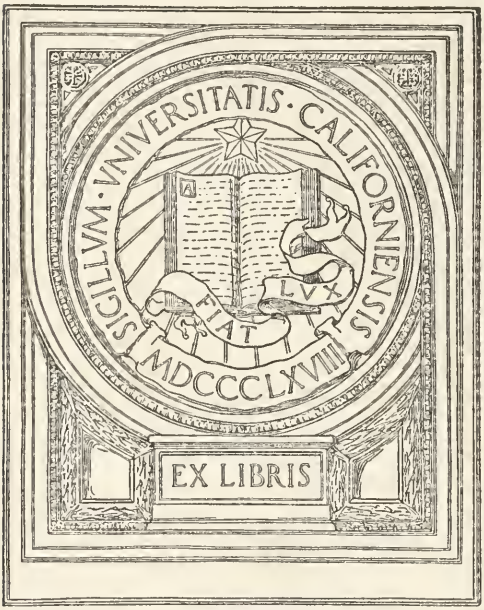

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THREE

EARLY ENGLISH METRICAL ROMANCES.

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EARLY ENGLISH METRICAL ROMANCES.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND GLOSSARY.

EDITED FROM A MS. IN THE POSSESSION OF J. I. BLACKBURNE, ESQ. M.P.

BY JOHN ROBSON, ESQ.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE CAMDEN SOCIETY,

BY JOHN BOWYER NICHOLS AND SON, PARLIAMENT STREET.

M.DCCC.XLII.

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INTRODUCTION.

The ancient minstrels, as a body, were editors and publishers, rather than original composers. They had to perform duties which, in these days, are divided amongst various caterers for the public in matters of taste. The office of minstrel was neither that of poet, editor, actor, nor musician, but a compound of all. To him it was indifferent where, or how, he acquired the tales, which it was his business to enact or recite, and upon which his popularity and living depended; generally speaking, we may imagine that it was a safer game to repeat well-known and popular stories, than to try a doubtful hazard with something new, or original. At the same time, it would be most desirable to give to the old tales an air of novelty, by introducing appropriate variations, and that he should, as far as possible, accommodate to his hearers, what had, perhaps, been composed for their fathers or grandfathers. We may see how this has been done in the two ballads of Chevy Chace;—and through how many phases must the tale of Amys and

Amelion have passed before it assumed the form of Alexander and Lodowicke!

But the minstrels were also representatives of publishers, and from a very picturesque passage in one of Petrarch's letters to Boccacio we find a more intimate connection between them and the great lights of that age, than we might otherwise have supposed.

"Nosti quidem hoc vulgare ac vulgatum genus, vitam verbis agentium, nec suis, quod apud nos usque ad fastidium percrebuit. Sunt homines non magni ingenii, magnæ vero memoriæ, magnæque diligentiæ, sed majoris audaciæ; regum ac potentium aulas frequentant, de proprio nudi, vestiti autem carminibus alienis, dumque quid ab hoc aut ab illo exquisitius materno præsertim charactere dictum sit, ingente expressione pronunciant, gratiam sibi nobilium, et pecunias quærunt, et vestes et munera. Hujuscemodi autem instrumenta vivendi, nunc ab aliis passim, nunc ab ipsis inventoribus, aut prece mercantur aut pretio, si quando id exigit, vendentis vel cupiditas vel paupertas, quod ultimum et Satyricus norat ubi ait,

"Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendat Agaven.

"Et hi quidem, quotiens putas mihi, credo idem aliis, blande in portum, molestique sint, quamvis jam mihi solito rarius, seu mutati studii atque ætatis reverentia, seu re-

pulsus. Sæpe enim ne esse mihi tædio insuescant, nego acriter, nec ulla flector instantia; nonnunquam vero, maxime ubi petentis inopia et humilitas nota est, cogit me charitas quædam ut ex ingenio meo qualicunque, illorum victui opem feram, in longum percipientibus utilem, mihi non nisi ad horam brevissimi temporis onerosam; fueruntque horum aliqui a me quem precibus vicerant voti compotes, illi quidem, sed alioquin nudi atque inopes digressi, non multo post ad me induti sericis atque onusti et divites remearent, gratiasque agerent, quod me auspice paupertatis gravem sarcinam abjecissent: quo interdum sic permotus sum, ut eleemosinæ speciem rarus, nulli talium me negare decreverim, donec rursum tædio affectus, id decretum sustuli. Cæterum cum ex nonnullis horum quærerem, quid ita me semper et non alios, teque in primis, pro iis rebus impeterent, tale te responsum reddidêre, et fecisse eos sæpe quod dicerem, et nihil unquam profecisse: cumque ego mirarer quid ita rerum largus, verborum parcus existeres, addidêre hoc etiam combussisse quicquid omnino vulgatum poema tum habuisses, quo nihil admirationi meæ demptum, sed nonnihil additum. Cumque ex illis facti tui causam quærerem fassi omnes ignorantiam, siluêre, nisi unus qui opinari se ait, nescio an etiam audivisse, esse tibi in animo, ut hæc omnia adolescentulo primum, post et juveni elapsa, præsenti solido, et jam cano ingenio reformares." *Rerum Senilium, Lib. V. Ep. 3. p. 793.*

How far this description may apply to the minstrels of the north, it would be, perhaps, presumptuous to say; the internal evidence of some of the Metrical Romances goes far to prove that they were composed in the Cloister, and, like the poems which Petrarch gave to his friends the Troubadours, must have been given to the minstrel to publish, *aut prece aut pretio.*

The three poems now printed very probably formed part of the stock of some individual of this by-gone profession. They have been apparently written from recitation, and are remarkable for the complete contrast of matter, style and diction. The first two or three pages have evidently been taken down by one who was not intimate with the form of the stanza; some lines are divided, and some run into each other, just as we might suppose would be the case till the writer had made himself acquainted with the intricacies of the versification. A professed minstrel, or even a person who had read the poem through, would have avoided such irregularities.

It may be too, that the recitation of these and similar productions, was accompanied by something of dramatic action, as the "he sayd," and "ho sayd," are very frequently additions which the metre itself will not allow.

All the three poems are written in the same strong, coarse hand, and, from the peculiar dialect, by a native of Lancashire. In the County Palatine there are two forms

of the Saxon language; one in the South-eastern district, which is well known by Tim Bobbin's works: the other is used in the North-western division, and, as far as I am aware, has not hitherto been noticed. It is characterized especially by the termination of the past tenses and participles in *-ud* or *-ut*, and the plural of nouns in *-us*: peculiarities which distinguish the Ireland MS. from Weber's copy of "Sir Amadas;" and from the two MSS. of "Sir Gawan," which have been so admirably collated by Sir Frederick Madden.

Besides the poems, the Ireland manuscript contains a number of documents, connected with the Magna Curia de Hale, of the 14th and 15th centuries, and in describing these we shall have an opportunity hereafter, of ascertaining, with some degree of precision, its date.

The first poem, which in the Lincoln MS. is entitled "The Awntyrs of Arthure at the Tarne Wathelynne," may be considered as approaching to tragedy; the second, "Sir Amadace," as a melodrama; and the third, to which I shall give the title, "The Avowynge of King Arther, Sir Gawan, Sir Kaye, and Sir Bawdewyn of Bretan," will serve, not unfitly, to represent the genteel comedy of the period to which it belongs.

There are no fewer than three copies known, of the "Anturs:" the Thornton MS. in Lincoln Cathedral, the date of which is 1430—1440; the Douce MS. in the

Bodleian Library, supposed to be somewhat later; and the Ireland MS. at Hale, the subject of the present inquiry. It was first printed by Pinkerton in his SCOTTISH BALLADS, 1792, from Douce's MS. which Ritson says was his property, and "which the say'd Pinkerton came by very dishonestly." However Pinkerton came by it, he made a very blundering copy of it. The Lincoln MS. was edited by Mr. Laing in his ANCIENT POPULAR POETRY OF SCOTLAND, 1822: and in 1839 Sir Frederick Madden collated both MSS. most carefully, for his splendid work, SYR GAWAYNE, printed by the Bannatyne Club.

The origin of the early English Romances is still a subject of controversy, and likely to remain so. According to Tyrwhitt, all the romances before Chaucer were translations from, or imitations of, the French, and in this opinion he has been followed by Ritson and most other writers. But on the contrary, we find Marie de France acknowledging her obligations to the Welsh and Bretons.

"Qui que des Lais tigne à mençonge
Saciés je nès' tiens pas à songe;
Les Aventures trespassées
Que diversement ai contées,
Nès' ai pas dites sans garant;
Les estores en trai avant;
Ki encore sont à Carlion,
Ens le Monstier Saint Aaron,
Et en Bretaigne sont sénes
Et en pluisors lius connéues."

Lai de l'Espine, T. 1. 542.

Roquefort has the following note upon this passage :

"*Il existoit en France une île Saint Aaron. Elle a été renfermée dans la ville de Saint Malo, au moyen d'une chaussée.*"

There can however be no doubt that Carlion is Caerleon upon Usk in Monmouthshire, where Giraldus Cambrensis informs us, was a church with a famous order of Canons, dedicated to St. Aaron.

That the Welsh were also called *Bretons,* we have the evidence of Robert of Brunne.

"——— to Cadwaladres
The last Briton that the land lees,
All that kind and all that frute
That came of Brutus, that is the Brute;
After the Bretons the Inglis camen,
The lordschip of this land that namen;
When they first among the Bretons,
That now are Inglis then were Saxons."

That there was a very intimate connection between the inhabitants of Wales, Cumberland, Cornwall, and Bretagne is acknowledged by all; and that they had traditions, perhaps poems, relating to their struggles with the Saxons, which were a common property, admits of little doubt. That the Saxon Gleemen had availed themselves of these sources, as well as those from which they drew Havelok and Horn Child, seems highly probable:—and that after the

Conquest, the Norman Trouveurs reaped a plentiful harvest from the labours of their Saxon predecessors, is more likely than that they should have troubled themselves with the scarcely accessible and difficult ground of ancient British traditions. Certain it is, however, that immediately after the Conquest this species of Literature became very fashionable, and while the manuscript-remains of the Trouveurs, who composed and sang for Royal Court or Baronial Hall, are almost innumerable, those of the native poet, whose auditors were the Franklin, the Burgess, or the Peasant, are few and scattered; owing their preservation perhaps most frequently, to the poor monk who saw in them better, or at all events more attractive, sermons than he himself could give.

There is no appearance of the Anturs having been a translation from, or an imitation of, a French poem. The incidents are so common-place, and the story itself so simply put together, that we can see no necessity for the poet borrowing either one or the other; and the localities mentioned evidently point out Cumberland or Westmoreland as his native soil. The scene is laid in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, and all the places named, except one, are still recognisable, and apparently well known to the writer. Indeed his knowledge of Inglewood Forest, Tarn Wadling, and Plumpton, contrasts strangely with his Southern Geography, of which it

seems difficult, if not utterly impossible, to make any thing. Plumpton, or Plumpton Wall, is about six miles from Penrith on the road to Carlisle, and three or four from Tarn Wadling. It was a Roman town, the Voreda of the Itineraries, and is said to have been destroyed by the Picts, when the inhabitants removed to Penrith; but the original site retained the appellation of Old Penrith in the time of Camden. The camp or station, which hangs over the little river Petril, is one of the most remarkable in Cumberland; a portion of one of the gates was uncovered about twenty-five years ago. The town extended into the fields, south and east of the station, and foundations of buildings may still be traced: some statues of heathen deities were discovered there, and bought by Sir Walter Scott. A square well of Roman masonry is on the right of the road, and in a wall nearly opposite is a tragic mask of similar workmanship, very much defaced. Plumpton Park belonged and still belongs to the Crown, and Rondall-sete Hall may have been the mansion appertaining to it; Ranulph, eldest son of Radulf de Meschines, was Earl of Cumberland in the reign of William Rufus, and a place in Scotland, not far from the border, was called Randallstede, from a certain Ranulph its founder.

The South-western part of Scotland is also very accurately, if not minutely, described in St. XXXIII. and LIII. Carrick, Kyle, and Cunningham, are still divisions

of Galloway ; " Laudowne hillus," means evidently Loudon Hill, celebrated by Scott in " Old Mortality." Lonwick, I suspect, is a mistake for Lanark, and " Lennax" is probably the Lennox, north of the Clyde. " Logher" is found in Lochermoss, which extends from Solway Sea to Lockerbrigg hill, and, according to tradition, was once an arm of the sea; carved beaks, boat keels, &c. are said to have been dug out of it; while Lockerbrigg hill, four miles from Dumfries, has acquired a still more doubtful fame as the trysting-place of the Nithsdale and Galloway witches. " Layre" is of course Ayr, and a line drawn from " Logher to Layre" would include all the above-named districts except Lennox. The fifth line of the fifty-third stanza is taken from the Douce MS. and the variations are merely blunders of the scribe.

But what are we to do with the claim which Scotland has made to the " Maker" of the ANTURS? Pinkerton published it as a Scotish ballad, and succeeding editors and critics have acquiesced in his decision. But can we really imagine that a Scotish Bard would represent his native country as conquered by the English—and the right heir, when he makes a formal challenge for his inheritance, as beaten by the Southern Knight upon whom the Conqueror had bestowed it? Nay, he would actually have gone out of his way to insult his own land, as the other Romances make Sir Gawan the son of Lot,

King of GALLOWAY and Orkney, the very country in dispute.

There is a circumstance which it would not be right to omit, though I confess I do not lay much stress upon it. Robert of Brunne speaks of a poet named Kendale in conjunction with Ercildon, and in the Records of the Court of Hale we find a William Kendale, chaplain, who was living there at the commencement of the fifteenth century. As the name points to a Northern origin, and as the nature of the stanza in which the poem is composed, suits well enough with the old Chronicler's description, is it not possible that the MS. may have belonged to, or have been written by, the officiating priest of the village,—perhaps a descendant of the ancient poet?

The external evidence as to the age of the poem is not of much importance. Sir Gawan, as a knight of the Round Table, was distinguished from the earliest period of Romance, for his courtesy and gallantry; and in the oldest English poems extant, his name appears as having been the subject of more ancient ones. There is, however, a great difference in the character of the knight as depicted in the later Romances,—the MORTE D'ARTHUR for instance, where he is represented by no means in favourable colours.

Wyntown mentions Huchown of the Awle Ryale, as having amongst other poems "Made the Awntyre of Ga-

wayn ;" and Dunbar, in his " Lament for the Death of the Makars," says,

" Clerk of Tranent eik he hes tane
That made the auntris of Gawane"—

having in a previous verse named Sir Hugh of Eglinton, who is supposed to have been the same as Wyntown's Huchown. Of Clerk's works none are known to exist; and of Huchown's—besides the circumstance of his also being a native of Scotland,—" the Pistil of Swete Susane," could hardly have been written by the author of the " Anturs at Tarne Wathelan,"

" He wes curyows in his style,
Fair of Facund and subtile ;"

a criticism correct enough as regards the " Pistil," but not at all applicable to the other.

Sir Walter Scott, where he alludes to this poem in his Minstrelsy, asserts that it is not prior to the reign of James the Fifth of Scotland; but in his Introduction to Sir Tristrem, he is satisfied that it was written long before the conclusion of the thirteenth century. Sibbald, in one place, supposes that it is of the age of David II. but in another he says it ought to be placed before 1300. Mr. Laing's opinion (in which Chalmers coincided) was that it was written by Sir Hugh of Eglinton, who is supposed to have died about 1381. Mr. Guest, in his History of English Rhythms, gives it to Clerk of Tranent, and says, " There is one peculiarity in these

poems (the Anturs, Gawan and Gologras, the Howlat and Gawin Douglas's Prologue to the 8th Eneid,) which should not pass unnoticed. The short line, or, in technical language, the *bob*, which (in the Pistil of Swete Susane,) introduces the wheel, is lengthened out into a full alliterative verse, and is always closely connected with the wheel, instead of being separated from it by a stop. The same peculiarity is found in every Scotch poem of the fifteenth century that admits a wheel of this kind,—a strong argument to show that the poems from which we have quoted (the Green Knight and the Pistil) are of earlier date." A still higher authority observes, that the structure of the versification, and the language, present insuperable difficulties to its being considered of the period of Henry III.

The first thing that strikes us in the Poem itself, is the extreme rudeness of its language, and the equal artlessness of the story; these circumstances, especially when connected with the fact of its popularity, which is shown by three copies of the fifteenth century being yet in existence, are evidences of a very early origin. King Arthur is hunting in Inglewood Forest; a storm comes on; Sir Gawan and the Queen are separated from the rest of the company, her mother's ghost appears to her, gives her some advice, and utters a prophecy. The ghost vanishes, the storm ceases, and the King and his retinue adjourn to supper;

Sir Galrun of Galway with a lady enters the hall, claims his inheritance, and challenges the knights present to single combat, in defence of his claim. The King accepts the challenge, affords the strange knight the rights of hospitality, and the following morning Sir Gawan meets him in the lists, overcomes him,—but at the request of King Arthur, resigns the possessions in dispute, and in return receives additional estates and honours.

But the versification is as artificial and complicated as the tale itself is simple. The stanza consists of eight alliterative verses (usually with four alliterative syllables in each) with four alternate rhymes; the ninth verse is of a similar description, and with three verses of six syllables each rhyming together, and another of five syllables, rhyming with the ninth—forms the wheel.

Not the least remarkable part of the history of the English language is, that the earlier poets appear to have studied its rhythmical powers more attentively and successfully than those of a later date; as may be seen even in the fragments of popular songs of the 13th and 14th centuries; and the curious stanza of Sir Tristrem may be adduced as another specimen. There is however a poem published by Mr. Wright in his Political Songs of England, under the title of the Song of the Husbandman, which has a structure very similar to the present Romance. It is of the time of Edward II. and quite

fatal to Mr. Guest's hypothesis. The stanza is alliterative; the first eight verses, with four alternate rhymes, are followed by a quatrain in the same metre; and the iteration at the beginning of the quatrain and the commencement of the stanza, exactly resembles that of the ANTURS. The language of the two poems is also very similar, several passages being hardly intelligible, although Sir Gawan must have had a certain portion of rust rubbed away by his successive editors through eighty or one hundred years.

An argument also for fixing the date of the poem before the assumption of the Scotish Crown by Edward I. is the absence of any expressions of that fierce and uncontrolable hatred, which prevailed during his reign, and those of his successors, between the two kingdoms. The ghost's prophecy afforded a fair opportunity of giving it utterance, and the choice of a hero from the territory of Robert Bruce himself, is certainly against the supposition of a later period.

The costume, which is still more important and more decisive, as far as it can be traced, is of the end of the thirteenth century; and here I beg leave to express my best acknowledgements to Albert Way, Esq. F.S.A. for the information he has most kindly afforded me, regretting only that I could not make use of it in the notes.

The poem seems evidently to belong to the com-

mencement of a transition from defences of mail to defences of plate; the first appearance of the latter being the elbow-cap and poleyn; these were soon followed by the shin-piece, which most likely is here termed the "schinbande," and of course has nothing to do with the Saxon cross-gartering. The first positive evidence of the spike or anlas on the chanfron is in the Assisæ Hierosol. (*temp.* Edw. III.) The chanfron itself was used at the Windsor Tournament, 6 Edward I. it was made of *cuir bouilli*, and the anlas, which with a shew of offence, could only have been used as an ornament, might easily have been fixed thereon. The "colours," in which the knight was armed "ful clene," were the armorial surcote. The epithet "milk white," as applied to mail armour, is singular, and means bright, polished; it was generally vermillion-coloured, yellow, or such like: white armour at a later period, is commonly applied to plate, in contradistinction to black or russeted suits. In illuminated manuscripts, about this period, we find the armour covered with bright red spots, hence probably Sir Galrun's golden stars, and glowing gambeson. The Pusane was only a variety of the Camail or mail tippet; it was appended to the Basinet and defended the neck. The Beryls on the border of the Basinet were Rock Crystal, cut *en cabochon*. The Byrny is here the hauberk, which consisted in all

cases of interlaced mail; it existed from the Roman times, and formed the Lorica Catena:

"——riget his molli lorica catena.

Val. Flacc. 6. 233.

There is not the slightest proof that any mailed armour was formed of rings stitched on cloth or leather.

The Dramatis Personæ are not many. King Arthur, Queen Gaynour (Guenever), Sir Gawan "the courteous," and his opponent, Sir Galrun, are the principal. The others are merely names familiar to readers of the old romances—Sir Kay, the "crabbit," always overbearing and always beaten; Sir Cador, Sir Clegius, Sir Costantyne or Constantyne, who are classed together in the same order, in the Morte d'Arthur; the Earl of Kent, alias "Krudeli the Erle's son of Kent," as he is called in the other MSS.; Sir Lote and Sir Lake, the first father of Sir Gawan according to the romances, the second I presume the celebrated Sir Lancelot du Lake. The scribe has made sad work with the names in Stanza LI., it is one of several passages that might be adduced to shew that the poem was written as recited,—the first is intended for Ywain fitz Urien, the second for Harre le fise-Lake of the Morte d'Arthur; Sir Menegalle, of the Lincoln MS. may be intended for Sir Menealfe of the third poem. For a more particular account of these personages I beg to refer to Ritson's Metrical Romances,

the MORTE D'ARTHUR, and, above all, to the SYR GAWAYNE of Sir Frederick Madden.

I have not been able to identify any of the places named in Stanza LIII. Ramsay and Cornwall, as named in St. XXIII. XXIV., are evidently false geography, and a new name, "Desesde," takes the place of Dorset of the other MSS. Brittany, Burgundy, Guienne, the Romans and Tuscany are mentioned: Frol, or Frollo, was a governor of Gaul under the Romans, (see Sir F. Madden's note) and the "Farnet" is named "Farnaghe" in the Lincoln MS.

SIR AMADACE was published by Weber in the third volume of his Metrical Romances (1810) from a manuscript, supposed unique, in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh,—which he says was probably written by a monk at the end of the fifteenth century. It is an odd coincidence, that, while the manuscripts differ in almost every line, they should be alike deficient in the commencement, Weber's having the advantage in one line. It begins

"Thoffe Y owe syche too!
Downe sate Sir Amadas and hee
And kast how that best myghte bee
Both far and nere:"

It has been conjectured that this is the Romance of Idoyne and Amadas, so frequently referred to by the early romancers and poets, but at present not known to exist.

The romance, however, was a love-story, and is generally coupled with that of Tristram and Isoude—Gower's account of it is not very distinct, but sufficient to shew that it was a different tale to Sir Amadace.

" Full oft tyme it falleth so,
My ere with a good pittance
Is fed with redynge of romance,
Of Idoyne and Amadas
That whilom were in my cas;
And eke of other, many a score,
That loved long ere I was bore;
For when I of her loves rede,
Myn ere with the tale I fede;
And with the lust of her histoire,
Sometime I draw into memoire,
Howe sorrow may not ever last,
And so hope cometh in at last."

Conf. Amant. Lib. 6.

They are also named in the Romance of Emare.

" In that on korner made was
Idoyne and Amadas,
With love that was so trewe,
For they loveden hem wit honour,
Portrayed they were with trewe-love flour
Of stones bryght of hewe."

Ritson, Metr. Rom. 2, 209.

This can hardly be applicable to the present poem, where love, either in prosperity or adversity, has little to do with the story. Its object seems to be, to hold the

mirror up to knighthood, and shew it reflected in the generous, the loyal, the devout, and the brave. It is written in the same metre as Sir Cleges, and there is a considerable similarity in the style and diction of the two poems.

The Canon Law is said to have authorised the arrest of the dead body of a debtor. Burn's account of the matter is, "By the civil law dead bodies ought not to be hindered from burial for debt, as vulgarly supposed; which seemed to be allowed by the law of the Twelve Tables. And Lyndewood says, Heretofore the law was, that the burial of a dead person might be delayed for debt; but this was afterwards abolished, for death dissolved all things; and albeit a man in his lifetime may, in some cases, be imprisoned for debt, yet his dead body shall not be disturbed."—*Eccles. Law*, 1. 248.

It is still, however, a vulgar error, and dead bodies have been arrested even in late years. Lydgate's (?) Tale of the Pryorys and her Thre Wooyrs, turns upon a similar incident.

The third of the poems, the Avowynge, is now printed for the first time, and is, in all respects, the most extraordinary of the three. To combine a number of separate tales so as to form one narrative, without introducing the episodes unnaturally, breaking the unity, or destroying the interest of the original plot, may be con-

sidered as the highest reach of art; and various are the ways in which it has been attempted, from the SEVYN SAGES and the CANTERBURY TALES to LALLA ROOHK and the QUEEN'S WAKE. In the whole range, however, it will not be easy to find an instance displaying so much art and judgment, in this respect, as the AVOWYNGE. Sir Bawdewyn's three tales are brought to bear so happily upon the original plot, as to increase the interest to the end, and in these subordinate parts the poet has shewn consummate artistic skill.

In this Romance too, there is a more delicate tracing of character, with sufficient contrast and individuality: the King, with a shade of cunning and fond of practical jokes; Sir Gawan, always courteous and stately; Sir Menealfe, brave but hardly loyal; Sir Bawdewyn, who is the hero of the piece, and whose character is still further developed in the MORTE D'ARTHUR; and Sir Kaye, crabbit and unlucky,—all are strongly and clearly delineated.

The description of Sir Bawdewyn's household is curious and characteristic, and, without dwelling upon the particular incidents, all must acknowledge the value of the school in which the knight gained his practical philosophy. He appears at an early period in the MORTE D'ARTHUR as one of the guardians of King Arthur. "Thenne the Archebisshop of Caunterbury, by Merlyns

prouydence lete purueye themme of the best knyghtes that they myghte gete. And suche knygtes as Utherpendragon loued best and moost trusted in his dayes. And suche knyghtes were put aboute Arthur as Syr Bawdewyn of Bretayn, Syre Kaynes, Syre Ulfyus, Syre Barcias."—Lib. 1. cap. 6. After King Arthur's coronation Sir Bawdewyn was made Constable, and distinguished himself in a subsequent encounter, where various kings formed an alliance against Arthur. In the fifth book, King Arthur is represented as holding a parliament at York, previous to attacking Lucius, Emperor of Rome. "There he ordeyned two governours of this royame, that is to say, Syre Bawdewyn of Bretayne for to counceille to the best, and Syr Constantyn, son to Syre Cador of Cornewaylle, which after the death of Arthur was kyng of this Royamme." He is again described as a councillor in the sixth book, "Thenne said Syr Gawayne and his brethren unto Arthur, Syre, and ye wil gyue vs leue we wille go and seke oure brother. Nay, said Syr Launcelot, that shalle ye not nede; and so said Syr Bawdewyn of Bretayne, for, as by oure aduys," &c.

He appears again in the eighteenth book in a new character:—

> "Lance, shield, and sword relinquished—at his side
> A bead-roll, in his hand a clasped book
> Or staff more harmless than a shepherd's crook,
> The war-worn Chieftain quits the world"—

and it would be difficult to imagine a more appropriate termination of the career of the hero of the AVOWYNGE. At the conclusion of a tournament, where Sir Lancelot has taken a principal part in disguise, three kings and Sir Galahaut, the haute prince, thus addressed him: "Fayre knyght, God the blesse, for moche haue ye done this day for vs; therfor we praye yow that ye wille come with vs, that ye may receyue the honour and the pryce as ye haue worshipfully deserued it. My faire lordes, saide Syre Launcelot, wete yow wel yf I haue deserued thanke, I haue sore bought hit, and that me repenteth, for I am lyke neuer to escape with my lyf, therfor, faire lordes, I pray yow that ye wille suffer me to departe where me lyketh, for I am sore hurte. I take none force of none honour, for I had leuer to repose me than to be lord of alle the world; and there with al he groned pytously, and rode a grete wallop away ward fro them vntyl he came vnder a woodes syde. And whan he sawe that he was from the felde nyghe a myle, that he was sure he myghte not be sene, thenne he said, with an hyȝ voys, O gentyl knyght, Sir Lauayne, help me, that this truncheon were oute of my syde, for it stycketh so sore that it nyhe sleeth me. O myn owne lord, said Sir Lauayne, I wold fayn do that myȝt please yow, but I drede me sore, and I pulle oute the truncheon that ye shalle be in perylle of dethe. I charge you, said Sir Launcelot, as ye loue

me drawe hit oute, and there with alle he descended from his hors, and ryght soo dyd Sir Lauayn, and forth with al, Sir Lauayn drewe the truncheon out of his syde, and gaf a grete shryche and a merueilous grysely grone, and the blood braste oute nyghe a pynt at ones, that at the last he sanke down vpon his buttoks and so swouned pale and dedely. Allas, sayd Sire Lauayne, what shalle I doo. And thenne he torned Sir Launcelot in to the wynde, but soo he laye there nyghe half an houre, as he had ben dede. And so at the laste Syre Launcelot caste vp his eyen, and sayd, O Lauayn, helpe me, that I were on my hors, for here is fast by, within this two myle, a gentyl heremyte, that somtyme was a fulle noble knyghte, and a grete lord of possessions. And for grete goodenes, he hath taken hym to wylful pouerte, and forsaken many landes, and his name is Sire Baudewyn of Bretayn, and he is a ful noble surgeon and a good leche. Now lete see, help me vp that I were there, for euer my herte gyueth me that I shalle neuer dye of my cosyn germayns handes, and thenne with grete payne Sir Lauayne halpe hym vpon his hors. And thenne they rode a grete wallop to gyders, and euer Syr Launcelot bledde, that it ranne downe to the erthe, and so by fortune they came to that hermytage the whiche was vnder a wood, and a grete clyf on the other syde, and a fayre water rennynge vnder it. And thenne Sire Lauayn bete on the gate with the but of his

spere, and cryed fast, Lete in for Jhesus sake, and there came a fair chyld to them, and asked hem what they wold. Faire sone, said Syr Lauayne, goo and pray thy lord, the heremyte, for Goddes sake to lete in here a knyghte that is ful sore wounded, and this day, telle thy lord, I sawe hym do more dedes of armes than euer I herd say that ony man dyd. Soo the chyld wente in lyghtely, and thenne he brought the heremyte, the whiche was a passynge good man. Whan Syr Lauayne saw hym, he prayd hym for Goddes sake of socour. What knyght is he, sayd the heremyte, is he of the hows of Kyng Arthur or not? I wote not, said Sire Lauayne, what is he, nor what is his name, but wele I wote I sawe hym doo merueylously this daye as of dedes of armes. On whos party was he, sayd the heremyte? Syre, said Syre Lauayne, he was this daye ageynst Kynge Arthur, and there he wanne the pryce of alle the knyghtes of the round table. I haue sene the daye, sayd the heremyte, I wold haue loued hym the werse, by cause he was ageynst my lord Kynge Arthur, for somtyme I was one of the felaushyp of the round table, but I thanke God now I am otherwyse disposed. But where is he, lete me see hym? Thenne Sir Lauayne broughte the heremyte to hym.

"And whan the heremyte beheld hym as he sat lenynge upon his sadel bowe, euer bledynge pytously, and euer the knyghte heremyte thoughte that he shold knowe

hym, but he coude not brynge hym to knouleche, by cause he was soo pale for bledynge. What knyght are ye, sayd the heremyte, and where were ye borne? My fayre lord, sayd Syre Launcelot, I am a straunger and a knyghte auenturous, that laboureth thurȝ oute many Realmes for to wynne worship. Thenne the heremyte aduysed hym better, and sawe, by a wound on his cheke, that he was Syr Launcelot. Allas, sayd the heremyte, myn owne lord, why layne you your name from me. For sothe I oughte to knowe yow of ryȝt, for ye are the moost noblest knyghte of the world, for wel I knowe yow for Sire Launcelot. Syre, said he, sythe ye knowe me, helpe me and ye may for Goddes sake, for I wold be oute of this payne at ones, outher to dethe or to lyf. Haue ye no doubte, sayd the heremyte, ye shall lyue and fare ryght wel; and soo the heremyte called to hym two of his seruauntes, and so he and his seruauntes bare hym in to the hermytage, and lyghtlely vnarmed hym and leyd hym in his bedde. And thenne anone the heremyte staunched his blood and made hym to drynke good wyn, so that Sir Launcelot was wel refresshed and knewe hym self. For in these dayes it was not the guyse of heremytes, as is now a dayes. For there were none heremytes in tho dayes, but that they had ben men of worshyp and of prowesse, and the heremytes helde grete housholde, and refresshyd peple that were in distresse."—Vol. 2. p. 336.

So far Sir Bawdewyn is more fortunate than any other of the knights of the Round Table; fore-shadowing, indeed, the fate of the few survivors of the last fatal battle-fields; but unlike Sir Lancelot, who, in the words of the beautiful sonnet quoted above, withdrew

" to hide
His thin autumnal locks where monks abide
In cloistered privacy. But not to dwell
In soft repose he comes. Within his cell
Round the decaying trunk of human pride,
At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent hour,
Do penitential cogitations cling:
Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine
In grisly folds and strictures serpentine:
Yet, while they strangle without mercy, bring
For recompense, their own perennial bower."

It is not necessary to relate what passed at the her mitage—Sir Lancelot is desirous to be gone, " Soo vpon a day, by the assente of Syr Launcelot, Syre Bors and Syre Lauayne they made the heremyte to seke in woodes for dyuerse herbes, and so Sir Launcelot made fayre Elayne to gadre herbes for hym to make hym a bayne." During their absence he armed himself and mounted his steed; the wound burst out again with the exertion, and he fell down on one side to the earth, like a dead corpse.

" With this came the holy heremyte Syr Bawdewyn of Bretayne. And whan he fond Syr Launcelot in that

plyte, he sayd but lytel, but wete ye wel he was wrothe, and thenne he bad hem, lete vs haue hym in. And so they alle bare hym vnto the hermytage, and vnarmed hym, and layd hym in his bedde, and euer more his wound bledde pytously, but he stered no lymme of hym. Thenne the knyghte heremyte put a thynge in his nose and a lytel dele of water in his mouthe. And thenne Sir Launcelot waked of his swoune, and thenne the heremyte staunched his bledynge. And whan he myght speke, he asked Sir Launcelot why he putte his lyf in jeopardy. Sir, said Syre Launcelot, by cause I wende I had ben stronge, and also Syre Bors told me that there shold be at al halowmasse a grete justes betwixe Kynge Arthur and the Kynge of Northgalys, and therfor I thoughte to assay hit myself, whether I myght be there or not. A, Syr Launcelot, sayd the heremyte, your herte and your courage wille neuer be done vntyl your last day, but ye shal doo now by my counceylle, lete Sire Bors departe from yow, and lete hym doo at that turnement what he may, and by the grace of God, sayd the knyghte heremyte, by that the turnement be done and ye come hydder ageyne, Syr Launcelot shall be as hole as ye, soo that he wil be gouerned by me." V. 2. 347.

This is done, Sir Lancelot recovers, and we hear no more of the Knight Hermit.

The scene of the AVOWYNGE, like that of the ANTURS, is

laid in Inglewood forest; Liddel Mote is an ancient and strong fortification on the Lidd, where it runs into the Eske; it was given by John, Earl of Kent, in whose family it had been for some generations, to Edward III. Besides Sir Bawdewyn, we have another new knight, Sir Menealfe of the Mountayn. King Arthur is represented as the son of the king of Constantyn, ("Constantyn besyde Bretayne." Morte d'Arthur, l. 138.) who makes war against the Sowdan of Spain; an additional proof of the loose notions which the ancient minstrels had of the conventional relationships of their heroes.

The metre is a good specimen of alliteration combined with rhyme; but, unfortunately, from its structure, tending to obscurity. Several poems in a similar stanza of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, are in existence; one, entitled a DISPUTATION BYTWENE A CRYSTEN MAN AND A JEWE, is extracted by Warton from the Vernon MS. of which the following will be a sufficient specimen.

"Forth heo wenten on the feld,
To an hul thei bi-heold,
The eorthe clevet as a scheld,
On the grounde grene;
Sone fond thei a stih,
Thei went theron radly;
The cristene mon hedde ferly
What hit mihte mene.

Aftir that stiȝ lay a strete,
Clere i-pavet withgrete,
Thei fond a maner, that was meete,
With murthes ful schene;
Wel corven and wrouht,
With halles heiȝe uppon loft,
To a place weore thei brouht,
As paradys the clene.

Hist. Eng. Poet. 2. 231.

In this piece, whether poet or scribe be in fault, the alliteration is very negligently kept up.

In conclusion, I have to return my best acknowledgments to Dr. Holme, of Manchester, for the assistance he has rendered me, and the interest he has taken in the work; and to Dr. Kendrick and J. Fitchett Marsh, Esq. of Warrington, for the loan of many valuable books.

But to Sir Frederick Madden my obligations are more numerous. If the publication has any value, it is in great measure owing to his suggestions, and the Glossary is, in the most important parts, a literal copy of his most excellent one to Syr Gawayne.

Fac-simile of the Ireland MS

Fol. 11 b

Henire cyr ganan pe gode was graythet in grone
Wt his griffinne of gold engrelet sulle gay
tiewlt wt trulofes and travest be tevene
opon a startand stede he strikes once of stray
pe tother in his turnyz he talkes tille him in tene
and sayd quarto dranes pn co diezgh e mace such deray
he gevappute him in acte pe squyre wt a sjurd kene
pt grennt cyr ganan en tille his dethe day

Fol. 16

Henne the kuyzt and pe stuard fre
pay casten pere hone hit best myzte be
bothe be serre and sere
pe stuard sayd sir ze a wo welsmof
penne ze may of zour londus jere
In faythe this cenyn zer

Fol. 33 b.

Ge pt made us on pe mulde
e fare fenymet pe folde
acte his will us he wold
the see e the cande
Giffe hom joy pt will here
of duzti men e of sere

J. Netherclift Lithog.

Printed for the Camden Society, March 1842.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MANUSCRIPT.

The Ireland MS. is in quarto, written on a coarse parchment,* with 21—24 lines in a page: there are neither illuminations nor ornamented capitals; and, although each tale is divided into Fittes, there is no punctuation of any kind, nor is there a title to any of the poems, except at the conclusion of Sir Amadace.

The first tale begins at the top of a page, occupies fifteen folios, and ends at the bottom of a page; one folio, if not more, appears to be missing, and the tale of Sir Amadace, which begins abruptly, extends over 17½ folios, ending on the second page of the eighteenth. The third story commences in the same page as the second concludes, goes through 24 folios, and thirteen lines of the next page; then follows a blank folio, and the rest of the volume (40 folios) consists of records and memoranda of the court of Hale.

These records have evidently been inserted at various times, and apparently by William Irland, Lord of the Manor of Hale during the reigns of Henry V. and VI. and at the beginning of Edward IV. A careful examination has satisfied me that the first five folios after the poems, were left blank by the original transcriber of these *excerpta*, who began his labours with a pentameter,

"Assit principio Sancta Maria meo."

Curia de Hale in principio Rotuli, tenta ibidem die martis proximo post festum Sancti Michaelis, anno regni regis Ricardi secundi tercio decimo, et super dorsum ejusdem Rotuli, pro tak. Roberti Diconson, pro tribus porcis, iijd.

* A very imperfect and erroneous account of the Manuscript was published in Gregson's "Fragments of a Portfolio of the History of Lancashire."

To this is appended a marginal note in another hand. "Respice bene de tak Roberti Dicunson, quia aula Johannes Leyot fuit quondam tenementum dicti Roberti." It appears from various entries, that John Leyot, Dean of Chester, Rector of Malpas and Denforth, and Vicar of Hale, obtained possession of various lands and buildings, and disputed the manorial rights; he died, as is stated in one of the memoranda, 6 Henry VI. before which this note must have been written. The following page begins, ROTULO VI° DE FESTO NATALIS DOMINI, ANNO RICARDI QUARTO DECIMO; and contains excerpts from various Rolls, which are specified, but without date. In the eleventh page we have, NUNC INCIPIT QUADRAGESIME ANNO REGNI REGIS HENRICI QUARTI SEXTO. ROTULO XI° ROTUL. PARGAMENE. In page 14 we find "Modo incipit Tractatus parvi quaterni," with dates of the 16th, 17th, and 19th of Richard II. and receipt of rents of the 16th and 17th, and a heryot of the 18th year of the same monarch. The extracts from this Parvus Quaternus fill nearly six folios, and are divided into seventy sections; one only is of a later date, and this, with the concluding sections, is as follows:

LXVII. Adam del Colcotes Ballivus libertatis Manerii de Hale narravit Willielmo Irland, domino dicti Manerii, anno regis Henrici quinti quinto, quod Thomas Layet perquesivit terras et tenementa de etc. quondam terræ Johannis le Hayre; et similiter perquesivit terras de Cecilia Shipman, et Margeria sorore sua, et illa; et terre predicte simul jacent; et pro tenumentis Cecilie, ut de redditu, solvit domino. Ideo querendum est.

LXVIII. Thomas Layet, quia pandoxavit semel, *ijd.* Et quia concelavit le fowundynge pot, *iijd.*

Item, idem Thomas Layet valde juxta, viz. duodecimus pro tol de uno pullo, *ijd.* stat super idem latus folii et ibi bene loquitur de tol.

LXVIIII. Thomas Layet pro sex porcis appreciatis *ixs.* in eodem loco similiter fit de aliis, ut patet ibidem.

LXX. Item de tenumentis Johannis de Irland de bovat' quondam Roberti de Chester per totum annum, *vjd. ob. quad.*

De eodem Johanne pro tenument. in Redale, *iiijd.*

De eodem Johanne pro tenument. in Morecote, viz. quinque quadrantes *vd.*

De eodem Johanne pro tenument. Ranulphi Hancokson per Cartam annuatim de proprio concessio, *xixd. ob.*

De eodem Johanne pro tenument. quondam David patris sui, *iiijs.* et ista Recordacio stat in ultimo fine parvi quaterni super parvum folium. Jam parvus quaternus fenitur.

Nunc incipiunt Rotuli Antiqui de papiro scripto, qui sunt quinque de numero.

LXXI°. Curia de Hale tenta ibidem die Lune in septimana de Quasimodo, anno regis Ricardi Secundi xij°.

Copies of other paper rolls of the reign of Henry IV. follow; the first in his eleventh, the second in his fourth year. The third entry, with a date, is,

LXXVIII°. Johannes le Clerke queritur de Ricardo Brugge de placito, eo quod predictus Ricardus debet et injuste detinet servicium factum pro duobus annis de Officio hayward, anno regis Ricardi Secundi xxij° et anno regis Henrici Quarti primo, ad damnum *iijs. iiijd.* Et defend. negat, et ponit se ad patriam, per quam quer. recuperet *vjd.* et predictus Ricardus in misericordia.

Feniti sunt Rotuli, qui sunt quinque de numero.

Nunc incipit Tractatus parvorum Rotulorum de extractis, undecim de numero.

These excerpts follow an inverse order, beginning with the eleventh roll, 1 Henry IV. and ending with the first, at the 86th chapter. They are followed by the receipt of Rents at the Annunciation term, 1 Henry V. and at Martinmas 4 Henry IV.

The next series of documents has every appearance of having been entered about the period of their respective dates. They are full and particular records of the proceedings, fines, presentations, appointment of officers, and lists of the Juries of the Courts of Hale as follows:

Tuesday after the Conception, 14 Henry IV.

Tuesday after the Annunciation, 1 Henry V.

Thursday, St. Wilfrid, 1 Henry V.
Monday before St. Andrew, 1 Henry V.
Monday after the Annunciation, 2 Henry V.
Tuesday after St. Wilfrid, 2 Henry V.
Monday after St. Martin, 2 Henry V.
Thursday St. Martin, 3 Henry V.
Wednesday eve of St. Luke, 3 Henry V.
Tuesday before St. Andrew, 3 Henry V.
Wednesday before St. Margaret, 4 Henry V.
Thursday after St. Catharine, 4 Henry V.

As a specimen it will be sufficient to give the last of these entries:

Curia de Hale tenta ibidem die Jovis proximo post festum Sancte Katerine virginis anno regni regis Henrici Quinti quarto.

Inquisitio capta ex officio per sacramentum Willielmi Hogesone, Thome Penultone, Galfridi de Penultone, Henrici de Bruge, Rogeri Robynson, Willielmi de Torbok, Ricardi Henrysone, Johannis Clerke, Johannis del Crosse, Roberti de Wysewalle, Willielmi de Speke, Roberti Gille, Jurat. dicunt quod Robertus Gille ienvenit (invenit) j swarme, et stat in orto Willielmi Speke. Henricus Poghdene pro consimili in orto suo. Willielmus de Thornetone pro consimili in orto suo. Item Jurati dicunt quod Thomas Layot obstupasset rectum cursum aque, inter predictum Thomam et Galfridum Penultone. Item dicunt quod Alicia Pogheden obstupasset rectum cursum aque, inter eam et Willielmum de Torbok. Item dicunt quod Ricardus de Rygby obstupasset rectum cursum aque, versus hostium Willielmi de Torbok. Item dicunt quod Ricardus Rygby dolavit Sappelynges in le Wethyns. Item dicunt quod Thomas Penultone dolavit iij. sappelynges in loco predicto. Item dicunt quod Willielmus de Speeke pro transgressione super le lond jacent. per ortum predicti Willielmi. Item dicunt quod Stephanus Eliot fecit transgressionem super lond predictum. Item dicunt quod uxor Willielmi Hankynsone fecit transgressionem super le mekyl forlonge halond. Item dicunt quod Ricardus de Rygby fecit trans-

gressionem super le a landes super longehille. Item dicunt quod Thomas Layat tenet a gappe appertum versus le halleyerde.

Alicia uxor Roberti Pecelle pro fraccione sigilli, *iijd.*

Le Reve Willielmus de Torbok ad festum Sancti Michaelis Archangeli, anno regis Henrici quinti quarto.

Constabularius Stephanus Eliot ad terminum predictum juratus.

Burelamen * Adam de Coldecotes, Willielmus de Thorneton, } jurati ad terminum predictum.

Johannes Thurstansone queritur de Ade de Coldecotes et de omnibus tenentibus ville de Hale, in placito transgressionis, et dicit quod ipsi distruct. et comederunt cum averiis suis herbagium suum inter territorium de Hale per duos annos ultime elapsos, pro quibus solitus fuit habere *ijs.* per annum. Ad dampnum *iijs. iiijd.* Def. negant per inquis. dict. *xiiijd.* de dampno.

Afferatores † Willielmus de Torbok, Ricardus Henreson, } Jurati.

Johannes Thurstansone queritur de Ade de Coldecotes in placito transgressionis, pro uno ferthynge accepto de manu Roberti Coldecotes per xv annos, ad dampnum *ixs.* Def. negat per Inq. cont^{r}. usque proximam curiam.

Domina Margeria, que fuit uxor Johannis Irland militis, queritur de heredibus de Johanne Johnson Atkynsone, quare noluit venire et solvere heriot. Def. negat per inquisitionem cont^{r}. usque proximam curiam.

Several other presentations follow, but enough has been given to show that, while the writer made such extracts from the earlier rolls as he thought of importance, he here gives, in full detail, the proceedings of each court; the two last quoted paragraphs, where the charges are referred to the next court, were evidently inserted by a contemporary; and of course we ascertain the period when the parchment book, instead of recounting the wonderful feats of King Arthur and his knights, became a record of the

* In another place "Burelaymen."

† Elsewhere "Affirmatores," and "Affirmatores Curie."

squabbles of alewives and tolls upon pigs. This portion occupies eleven folios, and was probably begun by William Irland upon his coming in possession of the estate, which appears to have been at the commencement of the reign of Henry V. in 1413. It is probable that they have been continued to a later period than the 4 Henry V. as there seems a deficiency of one or more quires of parchment in this part of the MS. The whole of this portion is written in a different ink to the rest.

The remainder of the manuscript (12 folios) contains a miscellaneous assortment of memoranda of events happening within the Manor, as claims of Wreck, Waythes and Strayes, Kele Toll, Coroner's Inquests, (the Lord of Hale is still the Coroner,) Ordinances, and a long account of the purchases and usurpations of Magister Johannes Leyot, who has been already named. These are of various dates from 3 to 14 Henry VI. In these entries William Irland is often personally referred to, as in the following passage:

Item datum est mihi, Willielmo Irland filio Johannis Irland militis, quod die Lune proximo ante festum Invencionis Sancte Crucis, anno Regis Henrici sexti tercio, Johannes Leyot persona Ecclesie de Malepas et Bangore, &c. Some of the documents connected with Leyot go back as far as 9 Richard II.

One of these, as it names William Kendale, I shall transcribe.

Memorandum quod die Dominica proximo post festum Sancte Marie Magdelane, anno regis Henrici Quinti nono, et Anno Domini M^{lo}CCCC^{mo}XX^{mo}, Johannes Leyot Rector de Denforthe et postea Decanus Cestrie, et modo Rector Ecclesie de Malepas, eodem die monstravit seu protulit in Capella de Hale unam literam attornatoriam Johannis Ducis Berfordie *(sic)*, fratris regis Henrici quinti, sub sigillo ejusdem Ducis, et declaravit palam et publice coram omnibus ibidem presentibus, quod idem Dux per literam suam attornatoriam misit Thomam Alluerwyk, servientem Johannis Leyot, Attornatum ejusdem Ducis, ad recipiendum seisinam in omnibus terris et tenumentis que idem Dux habuit ex dono et feoffamento Willielmi Kendale Capellani, celebrantem apud Hale

presbiter. ejusdem Johannis Leyot, que terre et tenumenta idem Johannes occulte dedit dicto Willielmo; et si aliquis infra dominium de Hale dederit occulte dedit contra formam et consuetudinem manerii de Hale predicti; et in declaracione dixerunt quod Willielmus Kendale dedit feoffamentum predicto Duci, sed carta inde Willielmus Irland, tunc temporis dominus Manerii de Hale, dixit quod non videbat, sed dixit quod vidit literam attornatoriam sub sigillo ejusdem Ducis. Que terre et tenementa idem Johannes Leyot perquisivit de diversis tenentibus Johannis Irland militis, et Willielmi Irland filii ejusdem Johannis, in Hale, ut patet in Rentale ejusdem ville. Et causa est hec, quia quod Johannes Leyot dedit Willielmo Kendale presbitero, et similiter ordinavit quod predictus Willielmus daret predicta tenumenta Duci predicto, quia dictus Johannes Leyot habuit filium morantem cum predicto Duci, vocatum Magister Ricardus Leyot, et fuit Cancellarius ejusdem Ducis; et pro magna affectione et fide quam habuerunt in Ducem, idem Johannes Leyot constituit ordinavit et imaginavit tale feoffamentum et donacionem factam eidem Duci, ad se manutenendum et supportandum erga Willielmum Irland dominum suum, in magnum prejudicium ejusdem domini sui et in subtractione servicii et herieleti et consuetudinum ex antiquo usitatum.

The four first folios have been filled up afterwards with similar materials; the first memorandum bearing the latest date in the book 4 Edward IV. (1465): the last, dated the year before, names William Irland as being still Lord of Hale. At the top of the first page we have what has been intended for a hexameter verse:

"Ad mea principia tibi dico salve Maria."

Two quires of parchment at least have been lost from the beginning, and as many from the end of the book: and several folios at the end are so faded as to be hardly intelligible.

Various marginal notes have been added at different times; we find at the top of page 68 "Tomas Yrlond," probably a Thomas Ireland who was living *temp.* Henry VIII. At p. 18, "Mary Greene Aug. ye 3, 1736, this book belongs to Hale Hall for ever." Other references seem to have been written about the end of the sixteenth century.

The Pedigree of the Ireland family, which has been given in Baines' History of Lancashire, and also as drawn up by Sir Isaac Heard, in Gregson's Fragments,—so far as the present work is concerned, is as follows.

Adam Irland, living 1308, married Avena, daughter and coheiress of Sir Robert Holland, and, by the gift of her father, Lady of Hale; their son John Irland was living 23 Edward III.; he was succeeded by David Irland; whose son John Irland, afterwards knighted, was the father of William Irland, to whom we owe the preservation of the manuscript. The last heir male of the family was Sir Gilbert Ireland, who died without issue 1675. His sister married Edward Aspinwall of Aspinwall near Ormskirk;—this family also terminating in a female, Mary Aspinwall, who married Isaac Green of Childwall—probably the lady who left her autograph as above mentioned. She died in 1738, her husband in 1749, leaving three daughters, coheiresses, one of whom, in 1752, married Thomas Blackburne of Orford, Esq.—the grandfather of John Ireland Blackburne of Hale, Esq. Lord of the Manor of Warrington, and now its representative in Parliament.

The binding of the MS. is of a primitive sort. Two stout oaken backs, each half an inch thick and guiltless of a plane, are bound together by seven thongs of white leather, which pass twice through each of the boards, fixed by wooden wedges where they commence on one side, and their ends nailed down on the other. Two thongs of the like material kept the book close when their ends were fixed on brass nails, one of which still projects from the left-hand board.

With respect to the orthography, the Saxon þ is very frequently used at the beginning, but not more than three or four times in the middle of a word. There are the usual contractions, which I have given at full length;—in every other respect I have endeavoured to copy it literally. For the general character of the writing, I may refer to the fac-simile *(inserted before this Description.)* There being no punctuation in the original, I am responsible for the pointing, the hyphens, and the accents.

Warrington, March, 1842.

EARLY

ENGLISH METRICAL ROMANCES.

THE ANTURS OF ARTHER AT THE TARNEWATHELAN.

I.

In the tyme of Arther thys antur be-tydde,
Be-syde the Tarnewathelan, as the boke tellus;
That he to Karlylle was comun, that conquerour kydde,
Wythe dukys, and with dosiperus, that with the deure dwellus,
For to hunte atte the herd, that lung hase bynne hydde;
Tyl on a day thay hom dy3t into the depe dellus,
Fellun to tho femalus, in forest was fredde;
Fayre by fermesones, by frythys, and felles,
To the wudde thay weyndun, these wlonkes in wedes;
Bothe the kyng and the qwene,
And other do3ti by-dene;
Syr Gawan, graythist on grene,
Dame Gaynore he ledus.

II.

Thenne Syr Gawan the gode, Dame Gaynour he ledus,
Inne a gliderand gyde, that glemit so gay;
That was with rebans reuersut, quo so ry3t redys,
Arayit aure with rebans, rycheste of ray;
Hur hud of a haa hew, that hur hede hidus,
Of purpure, and palle werke, and perrè to pay;
Wos schrod in a schort cloke, that the rayn shredes,

Set aure with saferes, quo sothely will say,
Safers and seledyms, serclet on sydus;
Her sadylle sette with that ilke,
With ryche sa savmhellus of sylke,
Opun a mule as the mylke;
Thus gayli ho glydus.

III.

And thus Dame Gaynour the gode, gayli ho glidus
The gatys with Syr Gawan, by a grene welle;
And a byrne on a blonke, that with the quene a-bydus,
That borne was in Burgoyne, be boke and by belle;
So lung he ledys that lady by that loghe sydus,
Ther at a laurialle scho ly3t, loe by a hille;
The fellus, Arther and his hurles, hernestely he rydest,
To teche hom to hor tristurs, quo truly wille telle;
To hor tristurs he hom ta3te, quo truly me trowes,
Yche lord with-outen lette,
Vn-to a tre ar thay sette,
Wyth bow and wyth berselette,
Vndurneth the boes.

IV.

Thus vndur boes thay byde, than byrnes so bold,
To beker atte the barrens, in bonkes so bare;
There my3te hathels on hye, herdus be-hold,
To herkyn huntyng with horne, in holtis so hore;
Thay kest of hor cowpullus, in cliffes so cold,
Cumfordun hor kenettes, to kele hom of care;
Thay felle to the female dure, feyful thyk fold;
With felle houundus and with fresche, thay folo the fare.

ST. II. l. 13. *Saude with sambutes of sylke.* MS. Douce.
III. 5.—*Loghe landez*, MS. Lincoln.—*Lawe*, MS. Douce.—V. infra, VII. 5.

Thay questun, thay quellun,
By frythun, by fellun,
The dere in the dellun,
Thay droupun and daren.

V.

Alle dyrkyns the dere, in the dym scoghes,
For drede of the dethe droupus the doe;
For the squyppand watur, that squytherly squoes,
Thayre werre on the wild squyne wurchis hom wo.
The hunteres thay haulen, by hurstes and by hoes,
To the rest raches that releues of the roe:
Thay geuen no gomen, nyf no grythe, that on the grounde groes,
The grehoundys in the grene greues, so gladdely thay goe;
Thus gladdely thay goe, in greuis so grene,
The king blue a rechase,
Folut fast on the trase,
With mony seriandys of mase,
That solas to see.

VI.

Thus that solas to see, the semelokest of alle,
Thay soȝt to thayre souerayne, undur the scha schene;
Alle butte Syr Gauan, graythest of alle,
Was laft with Dame Gaynour, vndur the greues grene.
By a lauryel ho lay, vndur a lefe sale,
Of box and of barberè, byggyt ful bene;
Euyn atte the mydday this ferly con falle,
And this mykyl meruel, that I of mene;

V. 6, 7. *And bluwe rechas, rially thei ranne to the ro.*
Thay gafe to no gamen, thal on grownde growes. MS. Douce.
And tille thaire riste, raches relyes onne thaire raye;
They gafe no gamen, no grythe, that on grownde growes. MS. Lincoln.

"*And to their resting place hounds follow, on their track (?) They gave no sport, no respite.*" The second line is repeated (without the negative) infra XII 3, and appears to conclude with a sort of conventional or expletive phrase.

Nou wold I of this meruel mele, if I mo3t,
The day wex as dirke
As the mydny3te myrke,
Ther-of Syr Arther wos irke,
And li3te on his fote.

VII.

Thus on fote con thay founde, these frekes vn-fayn,
And fled to the forest fro the fau fellus;
Thay ran to the raches, for redeles of rayn,
For the snyterand snaue, that snaypely hom snellus;
So come a lau oute of a loghe, in lede is no3t to layn,
In lykenes of Lucifere, lauyst in hellus;
Glydand to Dame Gaynour, hyre gates were gayne,
3auland ful 3amerly, with mony loude 3elles;
Hyt 3aulit, hit 3amurt, with wlonkes full wete,
And sayd with sykyng sare,
"I banne the byrde that me bare,
For noue comyn is my care,
I gloppen and Y grete!"

VIII.

Alle gloppuns and gretys Dame Gaynour the gay,
And sayd to Syr Gauan, "Quat is thi best rede?"
"Hyt is but the clyppus of the sune, I herd a clerk say;"
And thus he cumforthes the quene, throghe his kny3t-hed;
Ho sayd, "Syr Cador, Syr Clegius, Syr Costantyne, Syr Cay,
These kny3tes ar vn-curtas, by cros, and by crede!
That thus haue laft me allone, at my dethe day,
With on the grymlokkest gost, that euer herd I grete!"
"Of the gost," quod the gome, "greue thè no mare;

VII. 2. *Fawe fellis*, MS. Lincoln.—*Fewe*, MS. Douce.
3. *To the roches, for reddoure*, MS. D. *to the rocks, for fear.*

For I wille speke with the sprete,
And of hit woe wille I wete,
Gif that I may hit bales bete,
And the body bare."

IX.

Alle bare was the body, and blak by the bone,
Vmbeclosut in a cloude, in clething evyl clad;
Hit ȝaulut, hit ȝamurt, lyke a woman,
Nauthyr of hyde, nyf of heue, no hillyng hit had;
Hyt stedyt, hit stode as stylle as a stone;
Hyt menet, hit musut, hyt marret for madde.
Vn-to the gryselyche gost Syr Gauane is gone,
And rayket to hit in a res, for he was neuyr radde;
Rad was he neuyr ȝette, quo so ryȝte redus;
Opon the chefe of hur cholle,
A padok prykette on a polle,
Hyr enyn were holket and holle,
And gloet as the gledes.

X.

Alle gloet as the gledes, the gost qwere hit glidus,
Was vmbyelosut in a cloude, in clething vn-clere
Was sette aure with serpentes, that sate to the sydus;
To telle the todus ther opon with tung were ful tere.
Then this byrne braydet owte a brand, and the body bidus;
For alle this chiualrouse knyȝt, chonget no chere;
The houndes hyes to the holtes, and thayre hedus hidus;
The greundes were alle a-gast, of the gryme bere.
Thus were the grehondes a-gast of the gryme bere;
The bryddus in the boes,
That of the gost gous,
Thay seryken in the scoes,
That herdus myȝten hom here.

XI.

Alle the herdus myȝtun here, the hyndest of alle,
Off the schaft and the shol, shaturt to the shin;
Thenne coniurt the knyȝt, and on Cryst callus,
"As Thou was claryfiet on crosse, and clanser of synne,
Wys me, thou waret wyȝte! quedur that thou schalle,
Querfore that thou walkes these woddes with-inne?"
Ho sayd, ho was a figure of flesche, fayrest of alle,
"Crystunt and crisumpte with kingus in my kynne;
I hade kingus in my kynne, that kyd were for kene;
Thus God hase grauntut me grace,
To dre my penawunse in this place,
And I am comun in this cace,
To carpe with ȝour qwene.

XII.

For qwene was I sum-qwile, briȝter of broes
Thenne Berel, or Brangeuayne, the birdus so bold;
Of alle the gomun, and the grythe, that on the ground groes,
Grattur thenne Dame Gaynour, be grete sowmus of gold;
Of palas, of parkes, of poundes, of ploes,
Of toures, of tounes, of tresurus vn-told;
Of castels, of cuntrayes, of cliffes, of cloes,
Thus am I cachet fro kythe, to cares so kold!
Thus am I cachet to care, and couchet in clay;
Lo! thou curtase knyȝte,
Houe dylful dethe hase me dyȝte,
To lette me onus haue a syȝte
Of Ganore the gay."

XIII.

Thenne Syr Gauan the gode, to Gaynour is gone,
Be-fore the body he hur broȝte, and the byrde bryȝte,
Ho sayd, "Welcum, Waynor, i-wys, wurlok in wone

Lo! hou dilful dethe hase thi Dame dy3te!
For my rud was raddur then rose of the ron,
My lere as the lilly that lauchet so ly3te;
Now I am a gryselyche gost, and griseliche I grone,
With Lucifere, in a lake, thus lau am I ly3te.
Thus lau am I ly3te, take wittenesse by me;
For alle 3our fresche forur,
That menes of 3our merur,
Kynge, Duke, and Emperoure,
Alle thus schalle 3e be.

XIV.

Thus dethe wille 30 di3te, I do 30 oute of doute,
And therfore hertely take hede, quyles that thou art here;
Qwen thou art ray richest, and rydus in thi route,
Haue petè on the pore, quyl thou hase pouere:
Quen birdus, and birnys ar besy thè aboute,
Quyl thi body be boumet, and bro3te on a bere,
Thay wille leue thè ful ly3teli, that noue wil thè loute,
And then helpes thè no thing, but holi prayere.
For the prayer of the pore may purchase thi pece;
Those at thou 3ees at thi 3ate,
Quen thou art sette in thi sete,
With alle the myrthes at thi mete,
And dayntethis on dese.

XV.

With alle dayntethis on dese, thi dietis ar di3te,
And I in dungun, and dill, is done for to duelle;
Naxty, and nedy, and nakut, opon he3te;
For in wunnyng place, is woe for to duelle;

XIII. 10. *For alle 3oure fresche fauoure*
Nowe moyse on this mirroure. MS. L.
XIV. 3. *Richely arrayede.* MS. L.
XV. 4. *There folo me a ferde of fendis of helle.* MS. D.

Thay hurlun me vn-hindely, thay haue me on he3te,
In brasse, and in brinstone, I brenne as a belle;
For I ne wotte in this word, so woful a wi3te;
Hit were fulle tere for a tung, my tourmentes to telle.
Now wold I of these tourmentes talk or I goe,
Thenke thou throli opon this,
And founde to mend of thi mys,
For thou art warnut i-wis;
Be-war of my woe!"

XVI.

"Ways me for thi wirde!" cothe Waynor, "i-wis,
But on thing wold I wete, and thi wille ware,
Quethir authir matyns, or masse, my3t mend thè of mys,
Or any mubulle on the muld, my myrthe were the more;
Or bedus of these bischoppus, my3te bringe thè to blis,
Or couand in the cloystur, my3t kele thè of care,
For giffe thè were my modur, grete wundur hit ware,
That euyr thy burliche body bry3te is so bare!"
Ho sayd, "I bare thè of my body, quat bote is to layne?
By a token thou me troue,
I breke a solem adecoue,
That non wist but I and thou,
Quo sotheli wille sayne!"

XVII.

"Say me," quod Gaynour, "quat my3te saue thè from site
Fro citè I schalle sayntes ger seke sone for thi sake;
For tho baleful bestus that on thi body bites;
Alle blynde is my ble, thi blode is so blake!"
"These ar luf peramourus, that listus and likes,
Dose me ly3te, and lynd lau in in a lake;

XVI. 11. *I brake a solempne a-vowe.* MSS. D. and L.

Alle the welthe of this worde thus a-way wytes,
With these wrechut wurmus, that wurchen me this wrake.
Thus to wrake am I wro3te, Waynor, i-wis;
Were thrittè trentes of masse done,
Be-twyx vndur and none,
My saule were socurt ful sone,
And bro3te un-to blys."

XVIII.

Ho sayd, "To that blys bring thè that birne that bo3t vs with his blode,
As he was clarifiet on crosse, and crounet with thorne,
Cristunt and crisumte, with condul and with code,
Folut in a fontestone, frely biforne;
And Mary, his modur, that mylde is of mode,
Of qwom that blisfulle barne in Bedelem was born;
He gif me grace, to grete thi saule with the gode,
And myn thè with massus, and matins, on morun."
"To mynne me with massus, grete mestur hit were;
For him that rest on the rode,
Thou dele fast of thi gode,
To tho that fales the fode,
Qwillus that thou art here."

XIX.

"Here I hete the my hond, thi hestus to hold,
With a miliun of masse to make thi mynnyng;
But on thing," [cothe] Waynour, "that I wete wold,
Quat wrathes Crist most at thi weting?"
Ho sayd, "Pride with his purtenans, hase prophetes haue told,
And enperit to the pepulle in hor preching;
These ar the branches full bittur, ther-of be thou bold,

XIX. 6. *By-fore the pople appertly, in thaire prechynge.* MS. L. Fo "*appertly*" the Douce MS. has "*apt in herre.*"

Makes mony byrne full boune, to breke Goddus bidding,
Quo his bidding brekes, bare is of blis;
But if thay saluen hom of ther sare,
Certis or thay hethun fare,
Thay knaue of mekil care,
3è Waynore, i-wis!"

XX.

"Now wis me," quod Waynor, "gif that thou wost,
Quat bedus that my3te best vs to blis bring?"
Ho sayd, "Mesure and mekenes, that is the most,
Haue petè of the pore, that plesus the kinge;
Sethyn charitè is chefe to those that wyn be chast,
Almesdede, that is aure alle other thingus.
These ar the gracius giftus of the Holi Gost.
That enspires iche sprete, with-oute spilling,
Off this spiritualltè speke we no more;
Quyll thou art quene in thi quarte,
Hald these wurdus in thi herte,
For thou mun lyf butte a starte,
And hethun schalle thou fare."

A Fytte.

XXI.

"HOW schalle we fare," quod Gauan, "that foundus to these fi3tus,
And defoules these folk, in fele kyngus londus;
Riche remus orerennus, agaynes the ry3tus,
Wynnes wurschip, and wele, throghe wy3tenes of hondus?"
Scho sayd, "Yaure king is to couetus, and his kene kny3tus,
Ther may no stren3the him stir, quen the quele stondus;
Quen he is in his magestè, most in his my3tus,
Then schalle he li3te fulle lau, bi the see sondus.
Thus 3our chiualreis kynge, chefe schalle a chaunse;

Felles fortune in fyȝte,
That wundurfulle quele-wryȝte,
That lau wille lordis gere liȝte,
Take wittenesse be Fraunse!

XXII.

For Fraunse haue ȝe frely with ȝaure fiȝte wonnen,
Frol, and his Farnet, ful fery haue ȝe leuyt;
Bretan, and Burgoyn, is bothe in ȝour bandum;
And alle the Duseperis of Fraunse with ȝour dyn deuyt.
Now may Gian grete, that euyr hit was begonun,
Ther is noȝte lede on leue, in that lond leuet.
ȝette schalle the riche Romans be with ȝou aure-runnun,
And atte the Rountabulle, the rentus schalle be reuet,
Hit schalle be tynte, as I troue, and timburt with tene.
Gete thè wele, Sir Gauan,
Turne thè to Tuscan,
Or lese schalle ȝe Bretan,
Thruȝe a knyȝte kene!

XXIII.

A knyȝte schalle kenely croyse the croune,
And at Carlit be crounet for king,
That segge schalle ensese him, atte a session;
Mykille barette, and bale, to Bretan schalle bring;
ȝe schalle be told in Tuskan, of that tresun,
And be turnut a-gaynne with that tithing;
Ther schalle the Rountabulle lese the renowun,
Be-syde Ramsay the riche, atte a ryding;
In Desesde schalle dee the duȝty of alle.

XXII. 2. *The Frolo, and the Farnaghe, es frely by-leuede.* MS. L.
Freol and his folke, fey ar they leued. MS. D.
XXIII. 2. *Carelyon.* MS. L. *Carlele.* MS. D.
9. *And at Dorsett.* MS. L.

Gete thè wele, Syr Gauan,
The baldest of Bretan!
For in a slac thou schalle be slayn,
Seche ferlès schyn falle!

XXIV.

Seche ferlès schalle [falle] with-outen any fabull,
Opon Corneuayle cost, with kny3tus fulle kene;
Ther Arthore auenant, onest, and abulle,
Schalle be woundut, i-wis, wothelik I-wene;
Alle the rialle route of the Rountabulle
Thay schalle dee that day, tho du3ti be-dene!
Sussprisut with a subiecte, that bere schalle of sabulle,
With a sauter engralet, of siluer so schene;
He berus hit of sabulle, quo sotheli wille saye;
In Kyng Arther's halle,
The child playes atte the balle,
That outray schalle 3o alle,
Derfly that daye!

XXV.

Ho sayd, "Haue gode day, Syr Gauan, and Gaynour the gode!
I have no lengur tyme 3o tithinges to telle,
For I mun walke on my way, thro3e-oute 3ondur wud,
For in my wunnyng place is wo for to welle.
For him that ry3tewis rest, and rose on the rode,
Thenke quat dounger, and dele, that I inne duelle;
Funde to grete my saule with sum of thi gode,
And myn me with massus, and matyns i-mele.
For massus ar medesins for us in bales bides;
Vs thing a masse als squete,
As any spyce that euyr thou ete."—
Thus with a grysliche grete,
The gost a-way glidus.

XXVI.

Nouc with a griseliche grete, the gost away glidus,
And a sore gronyng, with a grym bere;
The wynd and the welkyn, the wethur in that tide,
The cloude vnclosut, the sune wex clere.
The kynge his bugul con blau, opon the bent bides,
His fayre folke on the fuilde, they flocken in fere,
And alle the rial route to the quene ridus;
Meles to hur mildely, opon thayre manere;
Tho wees of the wederinges forwondret thay were;
Princys, pruddust in palle,
Gay Gaynoure and alle,
Thay wente to Rondalle-sete halle,
Vn-to thayre sopere.

XXVII.

Quen he to sopere was sette, and seruut in his sale,
Vndur a seler of sylke, with dayntethis di3te;
With alle welthis to wille, and wynus to wale,
Briddes bacun in bred, on brent gold bry3te,
So come in a seteler, with a symbale,
A lufsum lady ledand a kny3te;
Ridus to the he dese, be-fore the rialle,
And hailsutte King Arthore hindely on he3te;
Sayd to the soueran, wlonkest in wede,
"Thou mon, makeles of my3t,
This is a nayre, and a kny3t,
Thou do him resun and ry3te,
For thi mon-hed."

XXVIII.

Monli in his mantille he sate atte his mete,
With palle puret in poon, was prudliche pi3te,
Trowlt with trulufes and tranest be-tuene,

The tassellus were of topeus, that was ther-to tiȝte ;
He glysset up with his ene, that gray were and grete,
With his beueren berd, opon the birne bryȝte ;
He was the semelist soueran on sittand in his sete,
That euyr segge hade soȝte, or seen him syȝte.
Thenne oure comeliche King carpus hur tille,
And sayd, " Thou wurlych wiȝt,
Liȝte, and leng alle nyȝt,
Quethun is that ayre and that knyȝt,
And hit were thi wille ?"

XXIX.

Ho wos the wurliche wiȝte, that any wee wold ;
Hir gide that was glorius, was of a gresse-grene ;
Her belte was of blenket, with briddus ful bold,
Beten with besandus, and bocult ful bene :
Her fax in fyne perrè, was frettut and fold,
Her countur-felit and hur kelle were colurt ful clene,
With a croune cumly, was clure to be-hold ;
Hur kerchefes were curiouse, with mony a proud prene ;
Hur enparel was a-praysut, with princes of myȝte ;
Bryȝte birdus and bold,
Hade i-nuȝhe to be-hold,
Of that freli to fold,
And the kene knyȝte.

XXX.

Than the knyȝte in his colurs was armit ful clene,
With a crest comely, was clure to be-hold,
His brene, and his basnet was busket ful bene,
With a bordur a-boute, alle of brent gold :
His mayles were mylke quyte, enclawet full clene,
His stede trapput with that ilke, os true men me told ;
With a schild on his shildur, of siluer so schene,

With bore-hedis of blakke, and brȩes full bold;
His stede with sandelle of Trise was trapput to the hele.
Opon his cheueronne be-forn,
Stode as a vnicorn,
Als scharpe as a thorn,
An nanlas of stele.

XXXI.

In stele was he stuffut, that sterne on his stede,
With his sternes of gold, stanseld on stray;
His gloues and his gamesuns gloet as the gledes,
A-rayet aure with rebans, rychist of raye;
With his schene schinbandes, scharpest in schredus.
His polans with his pelidoddes were poudert to pay,
Thus launce opon lofte that louely he ledus;
A fauyn on a fresun him folut, in fay,
The freson was afrayet, and ferd of that fare;
For he was syldun wunte to se
A tablet flourrè;
Seche game, and siche glee,
Se3he he neuyr are.

XXXII.

Then the king carput him tille, on hereand hom alle,
"Qwethun art thou, wurliche we, and hit were thi wille?
Tell me quethun thou come, and quethir thou schalle,
Quy thou stedis in that stid, and stondus so stille?"
Then he auaylet vppe his viserne fro his ventalle,
With a kny3teliche countenaunse, he carpes him tille;
Sayd, "Quethir thou be Cayselle or Kyng, here I thè be-calle,
For to fynde me a freke to fe3te on my fille;
For fe3ting thus am I fraest and foundut fro home."
Then speke the kynge opon he3te,
Sayd, "Li3te, and leng alle ny3te;
As thou art curtase kny3te,
Thou telle me thi name."

XXXIII.

He sayd, " My nome is Syr Galrun, with-outen any gile,
The grattus of Galway, of greuys and of gillus;
Of Carrake, of Cummake, of Conyngame, of Kile,
Of Lonwik, of Lannax, of Laudoune hillus;
That thou hase wonun on werre with thi wrang wiles,
Gifhen hom to Syr Gauan, that my hert grillus;
ȝette schalle thou wring thi hondus, and wary thè quiles,
Or any we schild hom weld, atte my unnewilles;
Atte my unnewilles, i-wis, he schalle hom neuyr weld.
Qwil I the hed may bere,
With schild and with scharpe spere,
Butte he may wynne hom on were,
Opon a fayre fylde.

XXXIV.

For in a fyld wille I feȝte, ther-to I make faythe,
With any freke opon fuld, that is fre born;
To lose suche a lordschip, me wold thinke laythe,
And iche ledè, opon lyue, wold laghe me to scorne."
" ȝe, we ar in wudlond," cothe the king, " and walkes on owre wayth,
For to hunte atte the herd, with houunde and with horne;
Gyf thou be gome gladdest, now haue we no graythe,
ȝet may thou be machet be mydday to morne;
For-thi I rede, rathe mon, thou rest thè all nyȝte."
Thenne Gauan, graythest of alle,
Lad him furthe thruȝhe the halle,
Vn-tylle a pauelun of palle
Was prudlyche i-pyȝte.

XXXV.

Hit was prudlyche y-piȝte, of purpure and palle,
With beddus brauderit o brode, and bankers y-dyȝte;

Ther-inne was a schapelle, a chambur, and a halle,
A schimnay of charcole, to chaufen the kny3te.
Thay halen vppe his stede, had him to stalle,
Hay hely thay hade in haches vn-hi3te;
Prayd vp with a burd, and clothes couthe calle,
With salers and sanapus, thay serue the kny3te,
With troches and broches and stondartis bi-twene;
For to serue the kny3te,
And the wurliche wi3te,
With ryche dayntethis dy3te,
In syluyr so schene.

XXXVI.

Thus in siluyr so schene, thay serue of the best,
With vernage, and verrès, in coupus ful clene;
With lucius drinkes, and metis of the best,
Ryche dayntès en-doret, in dysshes bi-dene.
As tyde as that rialle was rayket to his rest,
The kinge callut his councelle, the do3ti be-dene,
And bede, "Vmloke 30, lordinges, oure lose be notte lost,
Quo schalle countur with 3ondur kny3te, cast 30 bi-tuene."
Thenne sayd Syr Gauan, "Hit schalle vs no3te greue;
I wille countur with the kny3te,
For to maynteine my ry3te,
Ther-to my trothe y thè ply3te,
3e, Lord, with thi leve."

XXXVII.

"I leue wele," quod the kinge, "thi lates ar ly3te,
But I wold notte for no lordschip se thi life lorne;"
"Lette go," cothe Sir Gauan, "God stond with the ry3te!
For and he scapette scatheles, hit were a gret scorne."

XXXV. 6. *One hyghte.* MS. L.
XXXVI. 2. *In verrys and corppys.* MSS. L. and D.

And in the dayng of day ther doȝty were dyȝte,
Herd matyns [and] mas, myldelik on morun;
In myd Plumtun Lone, hor paueluns were piȝte,
Quere neuyr frekes opon fulde hade foȝtun be forne.
Thay sette listes on lenthe, olong on the lawnde;
Thre soppus of demayn,
Wos broȝte to Sir Gauan,
For to cumford his brayne,
The king gart cummaunde.

XXXVIII.

The kinge commawundet kindeli the Erle of Kente,
For his meculle curtasy, to kepe the tother knyȝte;
And made him with dayntethis to dine in his tente,
And sythun this rialle men a-rayut hom o-ryȝte.
And aftur Quene Waynor warly thay wente,
And be-leues in hur warde, that wurlyche wiȝte;
Sethin the hathels in hie, hor horses haue hente,
In mydde the lyste of the lawunde, the lordus doune liȝte:
Alle butte the stithest, in steroppus that stode;
King Arther schayer was sette,
O-boue in his chaselette,
And thenne Dame Gaynour grette,
For Gauan the gode.

A Fitte.

XXXIX.

[GAWAYNE and Galleronne gurdenne here stedis,
Alle in gleterande golde, gaye was here gere;
The lordes be-lyfe hom to list ledis,
Withe many seriant of mace, as was the manere.
The burnes broched the blonkes, that the side bledis;

XXXVIII. 1. *Krudely, the erles sonne of Kent.* MS. D.
XXXIX. This stanza is given from the Douce MS.

Aythire freke apponne fold has fastned his spere;
Schaftis in shide wode thay shindre in schides;
So jolyly thes gentille justede one were!
Schaftis thay shindr, in sheldes so schene;
And sithenne with brandes bryghte,
Riche mayles thay righte;
There encontres the knyghte
With Gawayne, one grene.]

XL.

Thenne Syr Gauan the gode was graythet in grene,
With his griffuns of gold engrelet fulle gay,
Trowlt with trulofes, and tranest be-twene;
Opon a startand stede he strikes oute of stray.
The tother in his turnyng, he talkes tille him in tene,
And sayd, "Querto draues thou so dreȝghe, and mace suche deray?"
He sqwapputte him in at the squyre, with a squrd kene,
That greuut Syr Gauan euer tille his dethe day.
The dyntus of that duȝty were douteouse be-dene;
Syxti maylis and moe,
The squrd squappes in toe,
His canel-bone allsoe,
And cleuet his schild clene.

XLI.

He keruet of the cantel, that couurt the knyȝte,
Thro his shild and his shildur, a schaft-mun he share;
Then the latelest lord loghe opon heȝte,
And Gauan grechut ther with, and greuut wundur sore:
Sayd, "he shuld rewarde thè this route, and I con rede o-ryȝte."
He foundes into the freke with a freschc fare;
Throȝt basynet and breny, that burnyschet wos bryȝte,
With a bytand brand cuyn throghet he him bare;
He bare thruȝe his brenys, that burneyst were bryȝte.

Then gloppunt that gaye,
Hit was no ferly, in faye,
His stedes startun on straye,
With steroppus fulle stry3te.

XLII.

Thenne with steroppus fulle stre3te, stifly he strikes,
Waynes atte Sir Wawane, ry3te as he were wode;
Thenne his lemmon on lofte scrilles and scrykes,
Quenne the balefulle birde blenked on his blode.
Other lordus and ladès, thayre laykes welle likes,
Thonked God of his grace, for Gawan the gode.
With a squappe of his squrde, squeturly him strykes,
Smote of Gauan stede heued, in styd quere he stode;
The fayre fole foundret, and felle bi the rode;
Gauan was smyther and smerte,
Owte of his steroppus he sterte,
As he that was of herte,
Fro Greselle the gode.

XLIII.

"Greselle," quod Gauan, "gone is, God ote!
He wos the burlokke[st] blonke, ther euyr bote brede!
By him that inne Bedelem wasse borne for oure bote,
I schalle reuenge thè to day, and I con ry3t rede."
"Foche thè my fresun," quod the freke, "is fayrest on fote,
He wulle stond thè in stoure, in-toe so mycul styd."—
"No more for thi fresun, then for a rysche rote,
Butte for dylle of a dowmbe best, that thus schuld be ded;
I mowrne for no matyttory, for I may gete more."
And as he stode bi his stede,
That was gud in iche nede,
Ne3tehond Syr Wauan wold wede,
So wepputte he fulle sore.

XLIII. 9. *I mourne for no monture.* MSS. L. and D.

XLIV.

Sore wepput for woe, Syr Wauan the wiȝte,
Bouun to his enmy, that woundut was sore;
The tother droȝghe him o-dreghe, for drede of the knyȝte,
Then he brochet his blonke, opon the bente bare.
"Thus may we dryue furthe the day," quod Gauan, "to the dirke nyȝte,
The sun is past the merke of mydday and more,"
In myddes the lyist on the lawunde, this lordes doun lyȝte;
A-gayn the byrne with his brand, he busket him ȝare:
Thus to batelle thay boune with brandis so bryȝte;
Shene schildus thay shrede,
Welle ryche mayles wexun rede,
And mony duȝty hadun drede,
So fursely thai foȝtun.

XLV.

Thus on fote con thai feȝte, opon the fayre fildus,
As fresch as ij lions, that fawtutte the fille:
Witturly ther weys, thayre weppuns thay weld;
Wete ȝe wele, Sir Wauan, him wontut no wille,
He berus to him with his brand, vndur his brode shild,
Thro the wast of the body wowundet him ille;
The squrd styntet for no stuffe, he was so wele stelet,
The tother startes on bakke, and stondus stone stille;
If he were stonit in that stounde, ȝette strykes he sore;
He girdus to Syr Gauane,
Throȝhe ventaylle and pusane,
That him lakket no more to be slayne,
Butte the brede of hore.

XLVI.

And thus the hardy on heyte, on helmis thai heuen,
Betun downe berels, in bordurs so bryȝte,

That with stones iraille were strencult and strauen,
Frettut with fyne gold, that failis in the fiȝte.
With schildus on ther schildurs, schomely thay shewen,
Stythe stapuls of stele, thay striken doune streȝte.
Thenne byernes bannes the tyme, the bargan was bruen,
That evyr these duȝti with dyntus, so dulfuly were diȝte.
Hit hurte King Arther in herte, and mengit his mode;
Bothe Sir Lote, and Sir Lake,
Meculle menyng con make;
Thenne Dame Gaynor grette for his sake,
For Gawan the gode!

XLVII.

Thenne grette Dame Gaynour, with hur gray een,
For grefe of Sir Gauan grimliche wouundes;
Thenne the knyȝte, that was curtase, cruail, and kene,
With a stelun brand, he strikes in that stounde;
Alle the cost of the knyȝte, he keruys doune clene,
Thro the riche mayles, that ronke were and rouunde;
Suche a touche in that tyde, he taȝte hym in tene,
And gurdes me Sir Gallerun, euyn grouelonges on grounde.
Alle grouelonges in grounde, gronet on grene,
Als wowundut as he wasse,
Wundur rudely he rose,
Fast he foundes atte his face,
With a squrd kene.

XLVIII.

Thus that cruelle and kene, kerues on heȝte,
With a cast of the carhonde, in a cantelle he strikes;
ȝorne waitis with woe, Sir Wauan the wiȝte,

XLVIII. 2. *With a caste of the care, in kantelle he strikes.* MS. L. The other MS. for *caste* reads *scas*.

Butte ȝette him limpus the wurs, and that me wele likes.
He wend with a slyuyng, hade slayn him with slyȝt,
The squrd slippus on slonte, and on the mayle slikes,
Thenne Sir Gauan bi the coler, clechis the knyȝte,
Thenne his lemmon on lofte, ho scrilles and scrikes,
And sayd to Dame Gaynour, with grones full grille,
"Thou Ladè, makelest of myȝte!
Haue pety of ȝondur nobulle knyȝte,
That is so dilfully dyȝte,
And hit were thi wille."

XLIX.

Thenne wilfulle Waynour to the king wente,
Keȝte of hur curonalle, and knelit him tille;
Sayd, "As thou art ray richist, and rialle in rente,
And I thi wedut wife, atte thi none wille;
ȝondur byrnes in batelle, that bidus on the bent,
Thay ar werè i-wisse, and woundut fulle ille;
Throȝghe schildus, and shildurs, schomfully shente;
The grones of Sir Gauan, hit dose my hert grille,
The gronus of Sir Gauan the gode, hit greuis me sore:
Wold ȝe, luflyche Lord!
Make ȝondur knyȝtes at a-cord,
Hit were a grete cumford,
For alle that ther ware."

L.

But thenne speke Sir Galrun to Gawan the gode,
"I wende neuyr we ȝette, hade bene so wiȝte;"
And sayd, "Here I make thè relesche, rengthe, bi the rode!
Before this rialle route resigne thè my riȝte:
And sithin I make thè monraden, mildist of mode,
As mon on this mydlert that most is of myȝte."
He stalket touward the king, in stid quere he stode,

And bede the burlyche his brand, that burneschit was bri3t;
And sayd, "Of rentis and of richas, I make thè relesche."
Doune knelis the kny3te,
And speke these wurdis opon hi3te;
The king stode vppe ry3te,
And cummawundut pese.

LI.

The king cummawundut pese, and stode vp-ry3te,
And Gauan godely he sesutt for his sake;
And then these lordus so lele, thai lepe vp li3te,
Huaya Fus-uryayn, and Arrake Fy-lake,
Sir Meliaduke the Marrake, that mekille wasse of my3te,
These ij traueling men, truly vppe thay take.
Vnnethe my3te these sturun men stond vppe ry3te,
So for-brissutte, and for-bled, thayre blees were so blake;
Alle blake was thayre blees, for-betun with brandis.
With-outun any hersing,
There di3te was thayre sa3tenyng,
Be-fore the comeliche king,
Thay heldun vppe thayre hondus.

LII.

"Now here I gife thè," quod the king, "Gauan the bold!
Glawmorgan londus, with greuys fulle grene;
The wurschip of Wales, to weld and thou wold,
Kirfre Castelle with colurs ful clene;
Iche Hulkershome, to haue and to hold,

LI. 4. *Sir Owayne fytz-Vryene, and Arrake full rathe Marrake and Menegalle.* MS. L.
Ewaynne fiz-Erian and Arrake fiz-Lake Sir Drurelat and Moylard. MS. D.
LII. 4. *Griffon's Castelle.* MSS. L. and D.
5. *The Hustershaulle.* MSS. L. and D.

Wayifforthe and Waturforthe, wallet, I wene;
Toe baroners in Bretan, with burgesse fulle bold,
That is batelt aboute, and biggutte fulle bene.
Here I doue thè as Duke, and dub the with my hondus;
With thi, thou sa3tun with 3ondur kny3te,
That is so hardi and so wi3te,
And resingne him thi ry3te,
And graunte him his londus."

LIII.

"Nowe here I gif thè, Galrun," quod Gauan, "with-outyn any gile
Alle the londus for-sothe fro Logher to Layre;
Carrake, Cummake, Conyngame and Kile,
[That if he of cheualry, chalange ham for aire
The Lother, the Lemmok, the Loynak, the Lile,]
Sir, to thi seluun, and sithun to thine ayre,
With thi, tille oure lordschip, thou leng in a qwile,
And to the Roundtabulle to make thi repare;
Here I feffe thè in fild, frely and fayre."
Bothe the king and the quene,
And other du3ti bi-dene;
Thro3ghe owte the greuis so grene
To Carlille thay kayrit.

LIV.

[The kyng to Carlele es comen, with knyghttis so kene,]
Throghe greuis so grene, held the Rountabulle with rialle aray;
These wees that were wothely woundet, I wene,
Thenne surgens hom sauyt, quo sotheli wynne say;
Cumfordun hom kindely, the king and the quene.
And sithin dubbut hom Dukes, bothe on a day,
And thenne he weddutte his wife, wlonkest I wene,
With giftus, and with gersums. Sire Galrun the gay.

Thus Gauan and Galrun, gode frindes ar thay;
Qwen thay were holle and sownde;
Thay made Galrun in that stounde,
A kny3te of the Tabulle Rounde,
Vntille his ending day.

LV.

Thenne gerut Dame Waynour to write into the west,
To alle the religeus, to rede and to sing;
Prustes, prouincials, to pray were fulle preste,
With a meliun of massus, her modur mynnyng.
Boke-lornut byrnus, and bischoppus of the beste,
Thro-oute Bretan so bold, these bellus con ring.
And this ferli be-felle in Ingulwud forest,
Be-side holtus so hore, at a hunting:
Suche a hunting in a holt, aw no3te to be hidde,
These kny3tus, stalwurthe, and store,
Thro3he the forest thay fore,
In the tyme of King Arthore
This anter be-tidde.

FINIS.

SIR AMADACE.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

I.

Thenne the kny3t and the stuard fre,
Thay casten there houe hit best my3te be
Bothe be ferre and nere;
The stuard sayd, "Sir, 3e awe wele more,
Thenne 3e may of 3our londus rere,
In faythe this seuyn 3ere:
Quo so may best, furste 3e mun pray,
A-byde 3o tille a-nothir day;
And parte 3our cowrte in sere;
And putte away fulle mony of 3our men,
And hald butte on, quere 3e hald ten,
Tha3ghe thay be neuyr so dere."

II.

Thenne Sir Amadace sayd, "I my3te lung spare,
Or alle these godus qwitte ware,
And haue no3te to spend;
Sithun duelle here, quere I was borne,
Bothe in hething and in scorne,
And I am so wele kennit:
And men fulle fast wold warè me,
That of thayre godus hade bynne so fre,
That I haue hade in honde;

Or I schuld hold men in awe or threte,
That thay myȝte noȝte hor awne gud gete,
Thenne made I a fulle fowle ende!

III.

Butte a-nothir rede I wulle me toe,
Wurche a-nothir way then soe,
Bettur sayd soro thenne sene!
Butte, gode stuard, as thou art me lefe,
Lette neuyr mon wete my grete mischefe,
Butte hele hit vs be-twene.
For seuyn ȝere wedsette my lond,
To the godus that I am awand,
Be quytte holly bi-dene:
For oute of the cuntray I wille weynde,
Quil I haue gold, siluyr to spende,
And be owte of dette fulle clene.

IV.

ȝette wulle I furst, or I fare,
Be wele more rialle then I was are,
Therfore ordan thou schalle;
For I wulle gif fulle ryche giftus,
Bothe to squiers and to knyȝtis;
To pore men, dele a dole:
Suche mon myȝte wete, that I were wo,
That fulle fayn, wold hit were suche toe,
That myȝte notte bete my bale!
So curtase a mon was neuyr non borne,
That schuld scape with oute a scorne,
Be iche mon had told his tale."

V.

Thanne Sir Amadase, as I ȝo say,
Hase ordanut him opon [a] day,

Of the cuntray in a stowunde;
3ette he gafe ful riche giftus,
Bothe to squiers, and to kny3tis,
Stedus, haukes and howundes.
Sethun afturward, as I 3o say,
Hase ordanut him opon [a] day,
And furthe thenne conne he founde;
Be that he toke his leue to wynde,
He lafte no more in his cofurs to spende,
But euyn xl. powunde.

VI.

Thenne Sir Amadace, as I 3o say,
Rode furthe opon his way,
Als fast as euyr he my3te;
Thro owte a forest, by one citè,
Ther stode a chapelle of stone and tre,
And ther-inne se he a li3te.
Commawundut his knaue for to fare,
To wete quat li3te, that were thare,
And tithing bring me ry3te;
The knaue did, as his maister him bade,
Butte suche a stinke in the chapelle he hade,
That dwelle ther he ne my3te.

VII.

He stopput his nase with his hude,
Nerre the chapelle dur he 3ode,
Anturs for to lere;
And as he loket in atte the glasse,
To wete quat meruail that ther wasse,
So see he stonde a bere.
Candils ther were brennyng toe,
A woman sittyng, and no moe,
Lord! carefulle wasse hur chere;

Tithinges there conne he non frayn,
Butte to his lord he wente a-gayn,
Told him quat he see thare.

VIII.

And sayd, "Sir, atte ȝondur chapelle haue I bene,
A selcothe siȝte ther haue I sene,
My herte is heuy as lede;
Ther stondus a bere, and canduls toe,
Ther sittus a woman, and no moe,
Lord! carefulle is hur rede.
Seche a stinke as I had thare,
Sertis thenne had I neuyr are,
No quere in no stid;
For this palfray, that I on ryde,
Ther myȝte I no lengur abide,
I traue I haue keȝte my dede."

IX.

Thenne Sir Amace commawundut his squier to fare,
To witte quat woman that there ware,
And tithinges bring thou me;
As he loket in atte the walle,
As the knaue sayd, he fund with-alle,
Him thoȝte hit grete petè:
Butte in his nace smote suche a smelle,
That there myȝte he no lengur duelle,
But sone a-gayn gose he;
He sayd, "Gud Lord, now with ȝour leue,
I pray ȝo take hit noȝte on greue,
For ȝe may notte wete for me."

X.

He sayd, "Sir, ther stondus a bere, and candils toe,
A woman sittyng, and no moe,

Lord! carefulle is hur chere;
Sore ho sikes, and hondus wringus,
And euyr ho crius on heuyn kynges,
How lung ho schalle be thare!
Ho says, Dere God, quat may that be,
The grete soro, that ho opon him se,
Stingeand opon his bere!
Ho says, ho wille notte leue him alleone,
Till ho falle dede downe to the stone,
For his life was hur fulle dere."

XI.

Thenne Sir Amadace smote his palfray with his spur,
And rode vn-to the chapelle dur,
And hastelè doune he liȝte;
As his mennè sayd, so con him thinke,
That he neuyr are hade suche a stynke,
And inne thenne wente that knyȝte.
He sayd, "Dame, God rest with thè!"
Ho sayd, "Sir, welcum most ȝe be!"
A[nd] salit him anon ryȝte;
He sayd, "Dame, quy sittus thou here,
Kepand this dede cors opon this bere,
Thus onyli vpon a nyȝte?"

XII.

Ho sayd, "Sir, nedelonges most I sitte him by,
Hi-fath, ther wille him non mon butte I,
For he wasse my wedutte fere."
Thenne Sir Amadace sayd, "Me likes full ille,
ȝe ar bothe in plyit to spille,
He lise so lung on bere.
Quat a mon in his lyue wasse he?"

" Sir, a marchand of this citè,
Hade riche rentus to rere;
And euiryche ȝere thre hundrythe pownde,
Of redy monay and of rowunde,
And for dette ȝette lise he here."

XIII.

Thenne Sir Amadace sayd, " For the rode,
On quat maner spendutte he his gud,
That thusgate is a-way?"
" Sir, on gentilmen and officers,
On grete lordus, that was his perus,
Wold giffe hom giftus gay;
Riche festus wold he make,
And pore men, for Goddus sake,
He fed hom euyriche day:
Quil he hade any gud to take,
He wernut no mon, for Goddus sake,
That wolnotte onus say nay.

XIV.

ȝette he didde as a fole,
He cladde mo men a-gaynus a ȝole,
Thenne did a nobulle knyȝte;
For his mete he wold not spare,
Burdes in the halle were neuyr bare,
With clothes richeli diȝte,
Giffe I sayd he did noȝte wele,
He sayd, God send hit eueryche dele,
And sette my wurdus atte liȝte;
Bi thenne he toke so mycul opon his name,
That I dar notte telle ȝo, lord, for schame,
The godus now that he aȝte.

XV.

And thenne come dethe, wo hym be!
And partutt my lord and me,
  Lafte me in alle the care;
Quen my ne3teburs herd telle, that he seke lay,
Thay come to me, as thay best may,
  Thair gud aschet thai thare:
Alle that euyr was his and myne,
Hors and naute, shepe and sqwyne,
  A-way thay drafe and bare;
My dowary to my lyue I sold,
And alle the peneys to hom told,
  Lord! 3ette a3te he wele mare.

XVI.

Quen I hade quytte alle that I my3te gete,
3ette a3te he thritte powunde bi grete,
  Holly tille a stydde;
Tille a marchand of this citè,
Was fer oute in a-nothir cuntre,
  Come home quen he was dede.
And quenne he herd telle of my febulle fare,
He come to me as breme as bare,
  This corse the erthe forbede;
And sayd, howundus schuld his bodi to-draw,
Then on the fild his bonus to-gnaue,—
  Thus carefulle is my rede.

XVII.

And this xvi. weke I haue setyn here,
Kepand this dede cors opon this bere,
  With candils brennand bry3te;
And so schalle I euyr more do,
Till dethe cum, and take me to.

Bi Mary, most of myȝte!"
Thenne Sir Amadace franut hur the marchandes name,
That hade done hur alle that schame,
Ho told him a-non ryȝte;
He sayd, "God, that is bote of alle bale,
Dame, cumford thè, and so he schale,
And, Dame, haue thou gud nyȝte!"

A Fitte.

XVIII.

THENNE Sir Amadace on his palfray lepe,
Vnnethe he myȝte forgoe to wepe,
For his dedus him sore for-thoȝte;
Sayd, "ȝondur mon, that lise ȝondur chapelle with-inne,
He myȝte fulle wele be of my kynne,
For ryȝte so haue I wroȝte!"
Thenne he told his sometour quat the marchand heȝt,
And sayd, "[I] wille sowpe with him to-nyȝte,
Be God, that me dere boȝte!
Go, loke thou diȝte oure soper syne,
Gode ryalle metis and fyne,
And spicis thenne spare thou noȝte."

XIX.

And sone quen the sometour herd,
To the marchandus howse he ferd,
And ordanut for that knyȝte;
Thenne Sir Amadace come riding thoe,
But in his hert was him fulle woe,
And hasteli dowun he liȝte.
Sithun in-tylle a chambur the knyȝte ȝede,
And kest opon him othir wede,
With torches brennyng bryȝte;
He cummawundutte his squier for to goe,

To pray the marchand and his wife allsoe,
To soupe with him that ny3te.

XX.

Thenne the squier weyndut vpon his way,
And to the marchand conne he say,
His erude told he thenne;
He squere, "Be Jhesu, Marè sone!
Thi lordus wille hit schalle be done,
Of cumford was that man.
Thenne thayre soper was nere di3te,
Burdes were houyn hee on hi3te,
[The] marchand [the] dees be-gan;
Sir Amadace sate, and made gud chere,
Butte on the dede cors, that lay on bere,
Ful myculle his tho3te was on!

XXI.

Sir Amadace sayd, "To ny3te, as I come bi the strete,
I see a si3te I thenke on 3ete,
That sittus me nowe fulle sore;
In a chapelle, be-side a way,
A dede cors opon a bere lay,
A womon alle mysfare."
"3e," the Marchand sayd, "God gif him a sore grace,
And alle suche waisters as he wasse,
For he sittus me nowe sare;
For he lise there with my thritti powunde,
Of redy monay and of rowunde,
Of hitte gete I neuyr more."

XXII.

Thenne Sir Amadace sayd, "Take thè tille a bettur rede,
Thenke that Gode for-gaue his dede,
Grette merit thou may haue;

Thenke how God ordant for thè,
Bettur grace then euyr had he;
  Lette the cors go inne his graue."
Thenne he squere, "Be Jhesu, Marè sun,
That body schalle neuyr in the erthe come,
  My siluyr tille that I haue;
Tille ho be dede as wele as he,
That howundus schalle, that I may se,
  On filde thayre bonus to-gnaue!"

XXIII.

Quen Sir Amadace herd that he hade squorne,
He cald his stuard him beforne,
  Of kyndenesse that knyȝte con kithe;
And bede, "Go foche me thritti powunde,
Of redy monay and of rowunde,
  Hastely and be-lyue."
The stuard thoȝte hit was a-gaynus skille,
Butte he most nede do his maistur wille,—
  Now listun and ȝe may lithe;
Ther Sir Amadace payd him thritti powund of monay fyne,
And thenne Sir Amadace asket to wyne,
  And prayd the Marchand be blythe.

XXIV.

Then Sir Amadace asket, "Awe he thè any mare?"
"Nay, Sir," he sayd, "welc most ȝe fare!
  For thus muche he me aȝte."
Thenne Sir Amadace sayd, "As furthe as x. pounde wille take,
I schalle lette do for his sake,
  Querthroȝe he haue his riȝte.
I schalle for him gere rede and singe,
Bringe his bodi to Cristun berunge,
  That schalle thou see wythe siȝte;

Go, pray alle the religius of this citè,
To morne that thay wold dyne with me,
And loke thayre mete be dy3te."

XXV.

Howe erly quen the day con spring,
Then holli alle the bellus con ring,
That in the citè was;
Religius men euirichon,
Toward this dede cors are thay gone,
With mony a riche burias.
Thritty prustus that day con sing,
And thenne Sir Amadace offurt a ring,
Atte euyriche mas;
Quen the seruise was alle done,
He prayd hom to ete with him atte none,
Holli more and lasse.

XXVI.

Thenne the marchand wente tille one pillere,
Mony a mon dro3he him nere,
To wete quat he wold say;
He sayd, "Sirs, there hase byn here,
A ded cors opon a bere,
3e wotte querfore hit lay.
And hase comun a fulle rialle kny3te,
Of alle the godes the cors me he3te,
Hase made me redi pay;
Vnto his cofurs he hase sente,
And geuyn x. powunde to his termente,
Wythe riche ringus to day.

XXVII.

Hit is on his nome that I say,
He prays 30 holly to mete to day,

Alle that ther bene here ;"
Thay did as the marchand bade,
Mete and drinke y-nuȝhe thay hade,
With licius drinke and clere.
And Sir Amadace wold noȝte sitte downe,
Butte to serue the pore folke he was fulle bowne,
For thay lay his hert nere ;
And quen thay hade etun with inne that halle,
Thenne Sir Amadace toke leue atte alle,
Vn-semand with fulle glad chere.

XXVIII.

Quen Sir Amadace hade etun,
To sadulle his horse was noȝte forȝetun,
Thay broȝte hym his palfray ;
Thenne his sometour-mon before was dyȝte,
Ther as that lord schuld leng alle nyȝte,
And hade nothing to pay.
Quat wundur were hit, thaȝhe him were wo,
Quen alle his godus were spendutte him fro,
The sothe gif I schuld say ?
Thenne Sir Amadace kidde he was gentilman bornne,
He come the grattust maystur be-forne,
Toke leue, and wente his way.

XXIX.

Qwen he was gone on this kin wise,
Thenne iche mon sayd thayre deuise,
Quen he wasse passutte the ȝate ;
Sum sayd, " This gud fulle liȝteli he wan,
That thusgate spendutte hit on this man,
So liȝtely lete hit scape."
Sum sayd, " In gud tyme were he borne,
That hade a peny him bi-forne,
That knew fulle litulle his state."

Lo, how thay demun the gentille kny3te,
Quen he hade spendut alle that he my3te!
Butte the trauthe fulle litulle thay wote.

XXX.

Quen he come sex mile the citè fro,
A crosse partut the way a-toe,
Thenne speke Sir Amadace:
To his stuard he sayd fulle rathe,
His sometour and his palfray-mon bothe,
And alle ther euyr was,
Sayd, "Gode Sirs, take no3te on greue,
For 3e most noue take 3our leue,
For 3oure seluun knauyn the cace;
For I may lede no mon in londe,
Butte I hade gold [and] siluyr to spende,
Neuyr no quere in no place."

XXXI.

Now the hardust hertut men that there ware,
For to wepe thai my3t notte spare,
Quen thay herd him say so;
He sayd, "Gode Sirs, haue 3e no care,
For 3e mone haue maysturs euyrqware,
As wele wurthi 3e ar soe:
3ette God may me sende of his sele,
That I may keuyr of this fulle wele,
And cum owte of this wo;
A mery mon 3ette may 3e se me,
And be fulle dere welcum to me,
Bothe 3e and mony moe!"

XXXII.

[Sir Amadas seyd in that stonde;
"The warst hors is worthe ten pownde,

St. XXXII. From Weber's edition.

Of hom all that here gon;
Sqwyar, yomon, and knave,
Ylke mon his owne schall have,
That he syttes apon,
Sadyll, brydyll, and oder geyre,
Fowre so gud thoffe hit were,
I woch hit save, bi Sen Jon!
God mey make yo full gud men!
Cryst of hevon, Y yo beken!"
Thei weped, and partyd ylke on.]

XXXIII.

Quen alle his men wos partutte him fro,
The kny3te lafte stille in alle the woe,
Bi him seluun allone;
Thro3he the forest his way lay ri3te,
Of his palfray doune he li3te,
Mournand and made grete mone,
Quen he tho3te on his londus brode,
His castels hee, his townus made,
That were a-way euyrichon;
That he had sette, and layd to wedde,
And was owte of the cuntray for pourtè fledde,
Thenne the kny3te wexe wille of wone.

XXXIV.

Thenne be-speke Sir Amadace,
"A mon that litul gode hase,
Men sittus ry3te no3te him bye;
For I hade thre hundrythe powunde of rente,
I spendut two in that entente.
Of suche forloke was I!
Euyr quylle I suche housold hold,
For a grete lord was I tellut,

Muche holdun vppe thare-by;
Nowe may wise men sitte atte home,
Quen folus may walke full wille of wone,
And, Crist wotte, so may hi!

XXXV.

He sayd, "Jhesu, as thou deet on the rode,
And for me sched thi precius blode,
And alle this word thou wanne;
Thou lette me neuyr come in that syȝte,
Ther I haue bene knauen for a knyȝte,
Butte if I may avoue hit thanne;
And gif me grace to somun alle tho,
That wilsumly ar wente me fro,
And alle that me gode ons hase done;
Or ellus, Lord, I aske thè rede,
Hastely that I were dede,
Lord, wele were me thanne!

XXXVI.

"For alle for wonting of my witte,
Fowle of the lond am I putte,
Of my frindes I haue made foes;
For kyndenes of my gud wille,
I am in poynte my selfe to spille;"
Thus flote Syr Amadace.
He sayd, "Jhesu, as thou deut on tre,
Summe of thi sokur send thou me,
Spedely in this place!
For summe of thi sokur and thou me send,
And ȝett I schuld ful gladely spende,
On alle that mestur hase."

XXXVII.

Now thro the forest as he ferd,
He wende that no mon hade him herd,
For he se3he non in si3te;
So come a mon ryding him bye,
And speke on him fulle hastely,
Ther-of he was a-fry3te.
Milke quyte was his stede,
And so was alle his othir wede,
Hade conciens of a kny3te;
Now tho3he Sir Amadace wasse in mournyng bro3te,
His curtasè for3ete he no3te,
He saylut him anon ry3te.

XXXVIII.

Quod the quite kny3te, "Quat mon is this,
That alle this mowrnyng makes thus,
With so simpulle chere?"
Thenne Syr Amadace sayd, "Nay!"
The quite kny3te bede "do way,
For that quile haue I bene here.
Thowe schild no3te mowrne no suche wise,
For God may bothe mon falle and rise,
For his helpe is euyr more nere!
For gud his butte a lante lone,
Sum tyme men [haue] hit, sum tyme none,
Thou hast fulle mony a pere!

XXXIX.

"Now thenke on him, that deut on rode,
That for vs sched his precius blode,
For thè and monkynd alle!
For a mon that geuees him to gode thewis,
Authir to gentilmen or to schrewis,

On summe side wille hit falle.
A mon that hase alle way bynne kynde,
Sum curtas mon ȝette may he fynde,
That mekille may stonde in stalle;
Repente thè noȝte, that thou hase done,
For he that schope bothe sunne and mone,
Fulle wele may pay for alle!"

XL.

Quod the quite knyȝte, "Wold thou luffe him aure alle thing,
That wold thè owte of thi mo̊rnyng bringe,
And keuyr thè owte of kare?
For here be-side duellus a rialle king,
And hase a doȝtur fayre and ȝinge,
He luffis nothing mare.
And thou art one of the semelist knyȝte,
That euyr ȝette I see with syȝte,
That any armes bare;
That mun no mon hur wedde ne weld,
Butte he that furst is inne the fild,
And best thenne justus thare.

XLI.

"And thou schalt cum thedur als gay
Als any erliche mon may,
Of thi sute schalle be non;
Thou schalle haue for thi giftus geuand,
Grete lordus to thi honde,
And loke thou spare riȝte none.
Thou say the mennè that come with thè,
That thay were drounet on the see,
With wild waturs slone;
Loke that thou be large of feyce,
Tille thou haue wonun gode congrece,
And I schalle pay ichone."

XLII.

He sayd, "That thou be fre of wage,
And I schalle pay for thi costage,
x. thowsand gif thou ladde;
Ther schalle thou wynne fulle mekille honowre,
Fild and frithe, towne and towre,
That lady schalle thou wedde!
And sithun I schalle come a-ȝayne to thè,
Qwen thou hase come thi frindus to see,
In stid quere thou art stadde;
Butte a forwart make I with thè or that thou goe,
That euyn to part be-twene vs toe,
The godus thou hase wonun and spedde."

XLIII.

Thenne be-speke Sir Amadace,
"And thou haue myȝte thruȝe Goddus grace,
So to cumford to me;
Thou schalt fynde me true and lele,
And euyn, lord, for to dele,
Be-twix thè and me!"
"Fare wele," he sayd, "Sir Amadace!
And thou schalle wurche thruȝe Goddus grace,
And hit schalle be with thè."
Sir Amadace sayd, "Haue gode day,
And thou schalle fynde me, and I may,
Als true as any mon may be!"

A Fitte.

XLIV.

NOW als Sir Amadace welke bi the se sonde,
The broken schippus he ther fonde,
Hit were meruayl to say;
He fond wrekun a-mung the stones,

Kny3tes in meneuere for the nones,
Stedes quite, and gray.
With alle kynne maner of richas,
That any mon my3te deuise,
Castun vppe with waturs lay;
Kistes and cofurs bothe ther stode,
Was fulle of gold precius and gode,
No mon bare no3te a-way!

XLV.

Thenne Sir Amadace he him cladde,
And that was in a gold webbe,
A bettur my3te none be;
And the stede that he on rode,
Wasse the best that euyr mon hade,
In iusting for to see.
Ther he wanne fulle meeul honoure,
Fild and frithe, toune and towre,
Castelle and riche citè;
Aure that gud he houet fulle ry3te,
That see the king and his do3tur bry3te,
The iusting furthe schild be.

XLVI.

The kinge sayd to his do3tur bry3te,
"Lo, 3ond houes a rialle kny3te!"
A messyngere he ches;
His aune squier, and kny3tes thre,
And bede, "Go loke, quat 3one may be,
And telle me quo hit is.
And his gud hitte schalle be tente,
Holly to his cummawundemente,
Certan with owtun lesse;
Go we to his comyng alle to-gethir,

And say that he is welcum hethir,
And he be comun o pese!"

XLVII.

As the messingerus welke bi the see sonde,
Thay toke Sir Amadace bi the quite honde,
And tithinges conne him fraynne;
And sayd, "Oure lord, the king, hase send vs hethir,
To wete ȝoure comyng alle to-gethir,
And ȝe wold vs sayn.
He says, ȝore gud hitte schalle be tente,
Holly atte ȝaure commawundemente,
Sertan is noȝte to layne;
Quat-seuer ȝe wille with the kingus men do,
ȝo thar butte commawunde hom ther to,
And haue seruandis fulle bayne."

XLVIII.

And Sir Amadace sayd, "I wasse a prinse of mekil pride,
And here I hade thoȝte to ryde,
For-sothe atte this iournay;
I was vetaylet with wyne and flowre,
Hors, stedus, and armoure,
Knyȝtus of gode a-ray.
Stithe stormes me ore-drofe,
Mi nobulle schippe hit all to-rofe,
Tho sothe ȝoure seluun may say;
To spend, I haue enuȝhe plentè,
Butte alle the men that come with me,
For-sothe, thai bynne away."

XLIX.

Then Sir Amadace, that wasse so stithe on stede,
To the castelle ȝates thay conne him lede,

And told the king alle the cace ;
The king sayd, " Thou art welcum here,
I rede thè be of fulle gud chere,
Thonke Jhesu of his grace !
Seche a storme as thou was inne,
That thou my3te any socur wynne,
A fulle fayre happe hit wase !
I see neuyr man that sete in sete,
So muche of my lufue my3te gete
As thou thi seluun hase."

L.

Thenne the king for Sir Amadace sake,
A rialle cri thenne gerutte he make,
Thro-oute in that citè ;
To alle that ther wold seruyse haue,
Kny3te, squiere, 3oman and knaue,
Iche mon in thayre degre.
That wold duelle with Sir Amadace,
Hade lost his men in a cace,
And drownet hom on the se ;
He wold gif hom toe so muche, or ellus more,
As any lord wold euyr or qware,
And thay wold with him be.

LI.

Quen gentilmen herd that cry,
Thay come to him full hastely,
With him for to be ;
Be then the iusting wase alle cryed,
There was no lord ther be-syde,
Had halfe as mony men as he.
Ther he wanne so myculle honoure,

Fild and frithe, towne and toure,
Castelle and riche citè;
A hundrithe stedis he wan and moe,
And gaue the king the ton halue of thoe,
Butte ther othir til his felo keput he.

LII.

Quen the iusting was alle done,
To vnarme hom they wente a-none,
Hastely and be-lyue;
Then sayd the king a-non ry3te,
And bede, "Gromersy, gentulle kny3te!"
Ofte and fele sithe.
Then the kingus do3tur that wasse gente,
Vnlasutte the kny3te, to mete thay wente,
Alle were thay gladde and blithe;
Quen aythir of othir hade a si3te,
Suche a lufue be-tuene hom li3te,
That partut neuyr thayre lyue.

LIII.

Quen thay hade etun, I vndurstonde,
The king toke Sir Amadace bi the quite honde,
And to him conne he say;
"Sir," he sayd, "with-outun lesse,
I haue a do3tur, that my nayre ho isse,
And ho be to 3aure pay.
And 3e be a mon that wille wedde a wife,
I vouche hur safe, be my life,
On 3o that fayre may;
Here a gifte schalle I 3o gife,
Halfe my kyndome, quiles I life,
Take alle aftur my daye."

LIV.

[" Gramarcy," seyd Sir Amadas,
And thonkyd the kyng of that grace,
Of his gyfftes gudde;
Sone after, as y yow sey,
To the kyrke yode thei,
To wedde that frely fode.
Ther was gold gyffon in that stonde,
And plenty of syluer, mony a ponde,
Be the way as thei yode;
And after in hall thei satte all,
The lordes and the ladès small
That comon wer of gentyll blode.]

LV.

Thus is Sir Amadace keuyrt of his wo,
That God lene grace, that we were so!
A rialle fest gerut he make;
Ther weddut he that lady bri3te,
The maungery last a faurteny3te,
With schaftes for to schake.
Othir halfe 3ere thay lifd in gomun,
A fayre knaue child hade thay somun,
Grete myrthes con thay make.
Listuns now, lordinges, of anters grete,
Quylle on a day before the mete,
This felau come to the 3ate.

LVI.

He come in als gay gere,
Ry3te as he an angelle were,
Cladde he was in quite;
Vn-to the porter speke he thoe,
Sayd, " To thi lord myn ernde thou go,

Hasteli and alstite.
And if he frayne o3te aftur me,
For quethun I come, or quat cuntre,
Say him my sute is quite;
And say we haue to-gethir bene,
I hope fulle wele he haue me sene,
He wille hitte neuyr denyte."

LVII.

Thenne the porter wente in-to the halle,
Alsone his lord he metes with-alle,
He sailles him as he conne;
Sayd, " Lord, here is comun the fayrist kny3te,
That euyr 3ette I see with sy3te,
Sethen I was market mon.
Milke quite is his stede,
And so is alle his other wede,
That he hase opon:
He says 3e haue to-gethir bene,
I hope fulle welle 3e haue him sene,
Butte with him is comun no mon."

LVIII.

" Is he comun," he sayd, " my nowun true fere?
To me is he bothe lefe and dere,
So aghet him wele to be!
Butte, alle my men, I 3o cummawunde,
To serue him wele to fote and honde,
Ry3te as 3e wold do me."
Then Sir Amadace a-3aynus him wente,
And allso did that ladi gente,
That was so bry3te of ble;
And did wele that hur aghte to do,
Alle that hur lord lufd wurschipput ho,
Alle suche wemen wele my3te be.

LIX.

Quo schuld his stede to stabulle haue?
Kny3te, squier, 3oman, ne knaue,
  Nauthir with him he bro3te;
Thenne Sir Amadace wold haue takyun his stede,
And to the halle him seluun lede,
  Butte so wold he no3te.
He sayd, "Sertan, the sothe to telle,
I wille nauthir ete, drinke, ne duelle,
  Be God, that me dere bo3te!
Butte take and dele hit euun in toe,
Gif me my parte, and lette me goe,
  Gif I be wurthi o3te!"

LX.

Thenne speke Sir Amadace so fre,
"For Goddus luffe, lette suche wurdus be!
  Thay greuun my herte fulle sore;
For we my3te no3te this faurteny3te,
Owre riche londus dele and di3te,
  Thay liun so wide quare.
Butte lette vs leng to-gethir here,
Ri3te as we brethir were,
  As alle thi none hit ware;
And othir gates no3te part wille wee,
Butte att thi wille, Sir, alle schalle bee,
  Goddes forbote, Sir, thou hit spare!"

LXI.

He sayd, "Broke wele thi londus brode,
Thi castels hee, the townus made,
  Of hom kepe I ri3te none;
Allso thi wuddus, thi waturs clere,
Thi frithis, thi forestus, fer and nere,
  Thi ringus with riche stone.

Allso thi siluyr, thi gold rede,
For hit may stonde me in no stidde,
I squere, bi Sayn John!
But, be my faythe, with-outun stryue,
Half thi child, and halfe thi wyue,
And thay schalle with me gone."

LXII.

" Alas!" sayd Sir Amadace than,
" That euyr I this woman wan,
Or any wordes gode!
For his lufe, that deet on tre,
Quat-seuer ȝe wille, do with me,
For him that deet on rode!
ȝe, take alle that euyr I haue,
Wythe thi, that ȝe hur life saue!"
Thenne the knyȝte wele vndurstode,
And squere, " Be God, that me dere boȝte,
Othir of thi thinge then kepe I noȝte,
Of alle thi wordes gode!

LXIII.

Butte thenke on thi couenand, that thou made,
In the wode, quen thou mestur hade,
How fayre thou hettus me thare!"
Sir Amadace sayd, " I wotte, hit was soe,
But my lady for to sloe,
Methinke grete synne hit ware."
Then the lady vndurstode a-non,
The wurd that was be-twene hom,
And greuyt hur neuyr the more;
Then ladi sayd, " For his luffe that deut on tre,
Loke ȝore couandus holdun be,
Goddes forbotte ȝe me spare!"

LXIV.

Thenne be-speke that ladi bri3te,
Sayd, " Ye schalle him hold that 3e haue hi3te,
Be God, and Sayn Dri3tine!
For his lufe that deet on tre,
Loke 3aure couandus holdun be,
3ore forward was fulle fyne.
Sithun Crist wille that hit be so,
Take and parte me euun in toe,
Thou wan me and I am thine!
Goddus forbotte that 3e hade wyuut,
That I schuld 3o a lure makette,
3ore wurschip in londe to tyne!"

LXV.

Still ho stode, with-outun lette,
Nawthir changet chere, ne grette,
That lady myld and dere!
Bede, " Foche me my 3ung sun me be-forne,
For he was of my bodi borne,
And lay my herte fulle nere."
" Now," quod the quite kny3te thare,
" Quethur of hom luffus thou mare?"
He sayd, " My wife, so dere!"
" Sithun thou luffus hur the more,
Thou schalt parte hur euyn before,
Hur quite sidus in sere."

LXVI.

Thenne quen Sir Amadace see,
That no bettur hitte my3te bee,
He ferd as he were wode;
Thenne all the menè in that halle,
Doune on squonyng ther con thay falle,

Be-fore thayre lord thay stode.
The burd was bro3te, that schuld hur on dele,
Ho kissutte hur lord sithis fele,
And sithun therto ho 3ode;
Ho layd hur downe mekely enu3he,
A clothe then aure hur enyn thay dro3he,
That lady was myld of mode!

LXVII.

Thenne the quite kny3te, "I wille do thè no vnskille,
Thou schalt dele hit atte thi wille,
The godus that here now is."
Thenne speke Sir Amadace so fre,
Sayd, "Atte 3our wille, lord, alle schalle be,
And so I hope hit is."
Then Sir Amadace a squrd vppe-hente,
To strike the ladi was his entente,
And thenne the quite kny3te be[de] sese!
He toke vppe the ladi, and the litulle knaue,
And to Sir Amadace ther he hom gaue,
And sayd, "Now is tyme of pees!"

LXVIII.

He sayd, "I con notte wite thè, gif thou were woe,
Suche a ladi for to slo,
Thi wurschip thus wold saue;
3ette I was largely as gladde,
Quen thou gafe alle that euyr thou hade,
My bones for to graue.
In a chapelle quere I lay to howundus mete,
Thou payut furst thritty powund by grete,
Sethun alle that thou my3tus haue;
Ther I be-so3te God, schuld keuyr thè of thi care,
That for me hade made thè so bare,
Mi wurschip in lond to saue."

LXIX.

" Fare-wele now," he sayd, " mynne awne true fere !
For my lenging is no lengur her,
With tunge sum I thè telle ;
Butte loke thou lufe this lady as thi lyue,
That thus mekely, with-outen stryue,
Thi forwardus wold fulfille !"
Thenne he wente oute of that toune,
He glode a-way as dew in towne,
And thay a-bode ther stille ;
Thay knelutte downe opon thayre kne,
And thonket God and Mary fre,
And so thay hade gud skille !

LXX.

Thenne Sir Amadace and his wiue,
With joy and blis thay ladde thayre liue,
Vnto thayre ending daye ;
Ther is ladìs now in lond fulle foe,
That wold haue seruut hor lord soe,
Butte sum wold haue sayd nay.
Botte quo-so serues God truly,
And his modur, Mary fre,
This dar I sauely say ;
Gif hom sumtyme like fulle ille,
3ette God will graunte hom alle hor wille,
Tille heuyn the redy waye.

LXXI.

Then Sir Amadace send his messingerus,
Alle the londus ferre and nere,
Vnto his awne cuntre ;
Till all that euyr his lond with-held,
Frithe or forest, towne or filde,

With tresur owte bo3te he.
His stuard and othir, that with him were,
He send aftur hom, as 3e may here,
And gafe hom gold and fee;
And thay ther with him for to leng,
Euyrmore tille thayre lyuus ende,
With myrthe and solempnite!

LXXII.

Thenne sone aftur the kinge deet, at Goddus wille,
And thay a-bode thare stille,
As 3e schalle vndurstond;
Thenne was he lord of toure and towne,
And alle thay comun to his somoune,
Alle the grete lordus of the londe.
Thenne Sir Amadace, as I 30 say,
Was crownette kinge opon a day,
Wyth gold so clure schinand;—
Jhesu Criste in Trinite,
Blesse and glade this cumpany,
And ore vs halde his hande!

Finis de Sir Amadace.

THE AVOWYNGE OF KING ARTHER, SIR GAWAN, SIR KAYE, AND SIR BAWDEWYN OF BRETAN.

I.

He that made vs on the mulde,
And fair fourmet the folde,
Atte his wille, as he wold;
  The see, and the sande;
Giffe hom joy, that wille here,
Of du3ti men, and of dere,
Of haldurs, that be-fore vs were,
  That lifd in this londe.
One was Arther the kinge,
With-owtun any letting,
With him was mony lordinge,
  Hardi of honde;
Wite and war ofte thay were,
Bold vndur banere,
And wi3te weppuns wold were,
  And stifly wold stond.

II.

This is no fantum, ne no fabulle,
3e wote wele of the Rowuntabulle,
Of prest men, and priueabulle,
  Was holdun in prise;

Cheuetan of chiualry,
Kyndenesse of curtesy,
Hunting fulle warly,
As wayt men and wise,
To the forest tha fare,
To hunte atte buk, and atte bare,
To the herte, and to the hare,
That bredus in the rise;
The king atte Carlele he lay,
The hunter cummys on a day,
Sayd, "Sir, ther walkes in my way,
A welle grim gryse!

III.

He is a balefulle bare,
Secheon seghe I neuyr are!
He hase wro3te me myculle care,
And hurte of my howundes;
Slayn hom downe slely,
With fe3ting fulle furcely,
Wasse ther none so hardi,
Durste bide in his bandus.
On him spild I my spere,
And myculle of my nothir gere,
Ther mone no dintus him dere,
Ne wurche him no wowundes;
He is masly made,
Alle of fellus that he bade,
Ther is no bulle so brade,
That in frithe foundes.

IV.

He is he3er thenne a horse,
That vn-cumly corse,
In fayth, him faylis no force,

Quen that he schalle fe3te;
And ther-to, blake as a bere,
Feye folke will he fere;
Ther may no dyntus him dere,
Ne him to dethe di3te.
Quen he quettus his tusshes,
Thenne he betus on the busshes;
Alle he riues and he russhes,
That the rote is vnry3te;
He hase a laythelyche luffe,
Quen he castus vppe his stuffe;
Quo durst a-bide him a buffe,
I-wisse he were wi3te!"

V.

He sais, in Ingulwode is hee,
The tother biddus lette him bee!
We schalle that Satnace see,
Giffe that he be thare.
The king callut on kny3tis thre;
Him seluun wold the fuyrthe be;
He sayd, "There schalle o mo menè
Wynde to the bore"
Bothe Kay and Sir Gauan,
And Bowdewynne of Bretan,
The hunter and the howundus-squayn,
Hase 3arket hom 3are;
The kinge hase armut him in hie,
And tho thre biurnes him bie,
Now ar thay fawre alle redie,
And furthe conne thay fare.

VI.

Vn-to the forest thay weynde,

That was hardy and heynde,
The hunter atte the northe ende,
  His bugulle con he blaw;
Vn-coupult kenettis as he couthe,
Witturly thay so3te the southe,
Raches with opon mouthe,
  Rennyng on a raw,
Funde fute of the borc,
Faste folutte to him thore,—
Quen that he herd, he hade care,
  To the denne conne he draw;
He slo3e hom downe slely,
With fe3ting fulle fuyrsly,
But witte 3e, Sirs, witturly,
  He stode butte litulle awe.

VII.

Thay held him fast in his hold,
He brittunt bercelettus bold,
Bothe the 3unge and the old,
  And raste hom the rest;
The raches comun rengnyng him by,
And bayet him fulle boldely,
Butte ther was non so hardy,
  Durste on the fynde fast.
Thenne the hunter sayd lo him thare,
"3aw thar suche him no mare,
Now may 3e sone to him fare,
  Lette see quo dose beste?
3aw thar suche him neuyr more,
Butte sette my hed opon a store,
Butte giffe he flaey 3o alle fawre,
  That griseliche geste!

VIII.

Thenne the hunter turnes home a-gayn,
The king callut on Sir Gauan,
On Bawdewin of Bretan,
And on kene Kay;
He sayd, "Sirs, in 3our cumpany
Myne a-vow make I,
Were he neuyr so hardy,
3one Satenas to say,
To brittun him, and downe bringe,
With-oute any helpinge,
And I may haue my leuynge,
Her tille to-morne atte day;
And now, Sirs, I cummaunde 3o,
To do as I haue done nowe,
Ichone make 3our a-vowe;"—
Gladdely grawuntutte thay.

IX.

Then vnsquarut Gauan,
And sayd godely a-gayn,
"I a-vowe to Tarnewathelan,
To wake hit alle ny3te."
"And I a-vow," sayd Kaye,
"To ride this forest or daye;
Quo-so wernes me the waye,
Hym to dethe di3te!"
Quod Baudewyn, "To stynte owre strife,
I a-vow, bi my life,
Neuyr to be jelus of my wife,
Ne of no birde bry3te;
Nere werne nomon my mete,
Quen I gode may gete,
Ne drede my dethe for no threte,
Nauthir of king ner kny3te."

X.

Butte now thay haue thayre vowes made,
Thay buskutte hom, and furthe rade,
To hold that thay he3te hade,
  Ichone sere way ;
The king turnus to the bore,
Gauan, with any more,
To the tarne con he fore,
  To wake hit to day.
Thenne Kay, as I conne roune,
He rode the forest vppe and downe,
Boudewynne turnes to toune,
  Sum that his gate lay ;
And sethun to bed bownus he,
Butte carpe we now of ther othir thre,
How thay preuyd hor wedde-fee,
  Tho sothe for to say.

XI.

Furst to carpe of oure kinge,—
Hit is a kyndeliche thinge,
Atte his begynnyng,
  Howe he dedde his dede ;
Tille his houndus con he hold,
The bore with his brode schilde,
Folut hom fast in the filde,
  And spillutte on hom, gode spede,
Then the kinge con crye,
And carputte of venerie,
To make his howundus hardi,
  Houut on a stede ;
Als sone as he come thare,
A-3aynus him rebowndet the bare ;
He se neuyr no sy3te are
  So sore gerutte him to drede.

XII.

He hade drede and doute,
Of him that was stirrun, and stowte,
He be-gan to romy and rowte,
And gapes and gones;
Men myȝte noȝte his cowche kenne
For howundes and for slayn men,
That he hade draun to his denne,
And brittunt alle to bonus.
Thenne his tusshes con he quette,
Opon the kinge for to sette,
He liftis vppe, with-outun lette,
Stokkes and stonis;
With wrathe he be-gynnus to wrote,
He ruskes vppe mony a rote,
With tusshes of iij. fote,
So grisly he gronus!

XIII.

Thenne the kinge spanos his spere,
Opon that bore for to bere,
Ther may no dyntus him dere,
So sekir was his schilde!
The grete schafte that was longe,
Alle to spildurs hit spronge,—
The gode stede that was stronge,
Was fallun in the filde!
As the bore had mente,
He gaue the king suche a dinte,
Or he myȝte his bridulle hente,
That he myȝte euyr hit fele;
His stede was stonet, starke ded,
He sturd neuyr owte of that sted,
To Jhesu a bone he bede,
Fro wothes hym weylde!

XIV.

Thenne the king in his sadul sete,
And wiȝtely wan on his fete,
He prays to Sayn Margarete,
  Fro wathes him ware!
Did as a duȝty knyȝte,
Brayd oute a brand bryȝte,
And heue his schild opon hiȝte,
  For spild was his spere.
Sethun he buskette him ȝare,
Squithe with-outun any mare,
A-ȝaynus the fynde for to fare,
  That hedoes was of hiere;
So thay cowunturt in the fild,—
For alle the weppuns that he myȝte weld,
The bore brittunt his schild,
  On brest he conne bere.

XV.

There downe knelus he,
And prayus tille him that was so fre,
"Send me the vittorè,
  This Satanas me sekes!"
Alle wrothe wex that sqwyne,
Blu, and brayd vppe his bryne,
As kylne other kechine;
  Thus rudely he rekes.
The kynge myȝte him noȝte see,
Butte lenyt him doune bi a tree,
So nyȝe discumford was hee,
  For smelle other smekis;
And as he neghet bi a noke,
The king sturenly him stroke,
That bothe his brees con blake,
  His maistry he mekes.

XVI.

Thus his maistry mekes he,
With dyntus that werun du3tè,
Were he neuyr so hardè,
  Thus bidus that brothe;
The kinge with a nobulle brande,
He mette the bore comande,
On his squrd tille his hande,
  He rennes fulle rathe.
He bare him inne atte the throte,
He hade no myrthe of that mote,
He began to dotur and dote,
  Os he hade keghet scathe;
With sit siles he a-downe,—
To brittun him the king was bowne,
And sundurt in that sesun,
  His brode schildus bothe.

XVII.

The king couthe of venery,
Colurt him fulle kyndely,
The hed of that hardy,
  He sette on a stake;
Sethun brittuns he the best,
As venesun in forest,
Bothe the 3onge and lees,
  He hongus on a noke.
There downe knelys hee,
That loues her that is free,
Sayd, "This socur thou hase send me,
  For thi Sune sake!"
If he were in a dale depe,
He hade no kny3te him to kepe,
For werre slidus he on slepe,
  No lengur my3te he wake.

XVIII.

The king hase fillut his avowe ;—
Of Kay carpe we nowe,
How that he come fro his prowe,
  ȝe schalle here more ;
Als he rode in the nyȝte,
In the forest he mette a knyȝte,
Ledand a birde bryȝte,
  Ho wepputte wundur sore.
Ho sayd, " Sayn Marè myȝte me spede,
And saue me my madun-hede,
And giffe the knyȝte, for his dede,
  Bothe soro and care !"

XIX.

Thus ho talkes him tille,
Quille ho hade sayd alle hur wille,
And Kay held him fulle stille,
  And in the holte houes ;
He prekut oute prestely,
And aure-hiet him radly,
And on the knyȝte conne cry,
  And pertely him reproues.
And sayd, " Recraiand knyȝte !
Here I profur thè to fiȝte,
Be chesun of that biurde briȝte,
  I bede thè my glouus !"
The tother vnsquarut him with skille,
And sayd, " I am redy, at thi wille,
That forward to fulfille,
  In alle the me be-houus."

XX.

"Now quethun art thou!" quod Kay,
"Or quethur is thou on way?
Thi riȝte name thou me say,—
Quere wan thou that wiȝte?"
The tother vnsquarut him agayn,
"Mi riȝte name is, noȝte to layn,
Sir Menealfe of the Mountayn,
My gode-fadur hiȝte.
And this lady sum I thè telle,
I fochet hur atte Ledelle,
Ther hur frindus con he felle,
As foes in a fiȝte;
So I talket hom tille,
That muche blode conne I spille,
And all a-ȝaynus thayre awne wille,
There wan I this wiȝte."

XXI.

Quod Kay, "The batelle I take,
Be chesun of the birdus sake,
And I schalle wurche thè wrake!"
And sqwithely con squere;
Thenne thay rode to-gedur ryȝte,
As frekes redy to fiȝte,
Be chesun of that birde bryȝte,
Gay in hor gere!
Menealfe was the more myȝty,
He stroke Kay stifly,
Witte ȝe, Sirs, witturly,
With a scharpe spere;
All to-schildurt his schilde,
And aure his sadulle gerut him to held,
And felle him flatte in the filde,
And toke him vppe on werre.

XXII.

Thus hase he wonun Kay on werre,
And alle to-spild in his spere,
And mekille of othir gere,
  Is holden to the pees;
Thenne unsquarut Kay a3ayn,
And sayd, "Sir, atte Tarnewathelan,
Bidus me Sir Gauan,
  Is derwurthe on dese!
Wold 3e thethur be bowne,
Or 3e turnut to the towne,
He wold pay my rawunsone,
  With-owtyn delees."
He sayd, "Sir Kay, thi lyfe I thè he3te,
For a cowrce of that kny3te;"
3ette Menealfe, or the mydny3te,
  Him ruet alle his rees.

XXIII.

Thus thay turnut to the Torne,
With the thriuand thorne,
Kay callut on Gauan 3orne,
  Asshes, "Quo is there?"
He sayd, "I, Kay, that thou knawes,
That owte of tyme bostus and blawus,
Butte thou me lese with thi lawes,
  I lif neuyr more.
For as I rode in the ny3te,
In the forest I mette a kny3te,
Ledand a birde bry3te,
  Ho wepput wundur sore;
There to-gedur fa3te we,
Be chesun of that lady free,
On werre thus hase he wonun me,
  Gif that me lothe ware!

XXIV.

This kny3te, that is of renowun,
Hase takyn me to presowun,
And thou mun pay my rawunsun,
  Gawan, with thi leue."
Then vnsquarutte Gauan,
And sayd godely agayn,
" I wille, wundur fayne,
  Quatt schalle I geue?"
" Quen thou art armut in thi gere,
Take thi schild and thi spere,
And ride to him a course on werre,
  Hit schalle thè no3te greue."
Gauan asshes, " Is hit soe?"
To tother kny3t grauntus, 3oe,
He sayd, " Then to-gedur schulle we goe,
  How-sumeuyr hit cheuis."

XXV.

And these kny3tus kithum hor crafte,
And aythir gripus a schafte,
Was als rude as a rafte,
  So runnun thay to-gedur;
So somun conne tha hie,
That nauthir scaput for-bye,
Gif Mencalfe was the more my3tie,
  3ette dyntus gerut him to dedur.
He stroke him sadde and sore,
Squithe squonut he thore,
The blonke him a-boute bore,
  Wiste he neuyr quedur!
Quod Kay, " Thou hase that thou hase so3te,
Mi rauunsun is alle redy bo3te,
Gif thou were ded I ne ro3te,—
  For-thi come I hedur.

XXVI.

Thus Kay scornus the knyȝte,
And Gauan rydus to him ryȝte,
In his sadul sette him on hiȝte,
  Speke gif he may;
Of his helme con he draw,
Lete the wynde on him blaw,
He speke with a vois law,
  "Delyueryt hase thou Kay.
With thi laa hase made him leyce,
Butte him is lothe to be in pece,
And thou was aye curtase,
  And prins of iche play;
Wold thou here a stowunde bide,
A-nother course wold I ride,
This that houes by my side,
  In wedde I wold hur lay!"

XXVII.

Then vnsquarut Gauan,
Sayd godely a-gayn,
"I am wundur fayn,
  For hur for to fiȝte."
These knyȝtus kithum thay gere,
And aythir gripus a spere,
Runnun to-gedur on werre,
  Os hardy and wiȝte.
So somen that thay ȝode,
That Gauan bare him fro his stede,
That bothe his brees con blede,
  On growunde qwen he liȝte;
Thenne Kay con on him calle,
And sayd, "Sir, thou hade a falle,
And thi wenche lost with-alle,
  Mi trauthe I thè pliȝte!"

XXVIII.

Quod Kay, "Thi leue hase thou loste,
For alle thi brag or thi boste,
If thou haue oȝte on hur coste,
I telle hit for tente!"
Thenne speke Gauan to Kay,
"A mon's happe is notte ay,
Is none so sekur of a say,
Butte he may harmes hente."
Gauan rydus to him ryȝte,
And toke vppe the tother knyȝte,
That was dilfully dyȝte,
And stonet in that stynte;
Kay wurdus tenut him mare,
Thenne alle the harmes that he hente thare,
He sayd, "And we allone ware,
This stryf schuld I stynte."

XXIX.

"ȝe, hardely!" quod Kay,
"Butte thou hast lost thi fayre may,
And thi liffe I dar lay,"—
Thus talkes he him tille;
And Gauan sayd, "Gode forbede!
For he is duȝti in dede,"—
Prayes the knyȝte gud spede,
To take hit to none ille,
If Kay speke wurdes kene,—
"Take thou this dameselle schene,
Lede hur to Gaynour the quene,
This forward to fulfille;
And say, that Gawan hur knyȝte,
Sende hur this byurde briȝte,
And rawunsun thè a-non riȝte,
Atte hur awne wille."

XXX.

Ther-to grawuntus the kny3te,
And truly his trauthe pli3te,
Inne saue-ward that byurde bry3te,
To Carlele to bringe;
And as thay houet and abode,
He squere on the squrd brode;—
Be he his othe hade made,
Thenne waknut the king.
Thenne the day be-ganne to daw,
The kinge his bugulle con blaw,
His kny3tus couthe hitte welle knaw,
His was a sekur thinge;
Sethun thay busket hom 3are,
Sqwith with owtun any mare,
To wete the kingus welefare,
With-owtun letting.

Primus Passus.

XXXI.

TO the forest thay take the way,
Bothe Gawan and Kay,
Menealfe and the fare May,
Comun to the kinge;
The bore brittunt thay funde,
Was colurt of the kingus hunde,
If he were lord of that londe,
He hade no horsing.
Downe thay take that birde bry3te,
Sette hur one, behinde the kny3te,
Hur horse for the king was dy3te,
With-outun letting;
Gaue Kay the venesun to lede,
And hiet hamward, gode spede,
Bothe the birde and the brede,
To Carlele thay bringe.

XXXII.

Now as thay rode atte the way,
The kynge him seluun con say,
Bothe to Gauan and to Kay,
" Quere wan ȝe this wiȝte?"
Thenne Kay to the king spake,
He sayd, " Sir, in the forest as I con wake,
Atte the Anturis hoke,
Ther mette me this knyȝte.
Ther to-gedur faȝte we,
Be chesun of this lady fre,
On werre hase he thus wonun me,
With mayn and wythe myȝte;
And Gawan hase my rawunsun made,
For a course that he rode,
And felle him in the fild brode,
He wanne this biurde bryȝte.

XXXIII.

" He toke him there to presunnere;"—
Then loghe that dameselle dere,
And louet with a mylde chere,
God and Sir Gawan!
Thenne sayd the king opon hiȝte,
Alle sqwithe to the knyȝte,
" Quat is thi rawunsun opon ryȝte,
The sothe thou me sayn?"
The tothir vnsquarut him with skille,
" I conne notte say thè ther-tille,
Hit is atte the quene wille,
Qwi schuld I layne?
Bothe my dethe and my lyfe,
Is inne the wille of thi wife,
Quethur ho wulle stynte me of my strife,
Or putte me to payne!"

XXXIV.

" Grete God!" quod the king,
" Gif Gawan gode endinge,
For he is sekur in alle kynne thinge,
To cowuntur with a kny3te!
Of alle playus he berus the prise,
Loos of ther ladise,—
Menealfe, and thou be wise,
Hold that thou be-he3te.
And I schalle helpe that I maye,"
The king him seluun con saye,—
To Carlele thay take the waye,
And inne the courte is li3te;
He toke this dameselle gente,
Be-fore the quene is he wente,
And sayd, " Medame, I am hedur sente
Fro Gawan, 3our kny3te."

XXXV.

He sayd, " Me-dame, Gawan 3our kny3te,
On werre hase wonun me to-ny3te,
Be chesun of this birde bri3te,
Mi pride conne he spille;
And gerut me squere squyftely,
To bringe thè this lady,
And my nowne body,
To do hit in thi wille,
And I haue done as he me bade,"—
" Now," quod the quene, " and I am glade,
Sethun thou art in my wille stade,
To spare or to spille;
I giffe thè to my lord, the kinge,
For he hase mestur of suche a thinge,
Of kny3tus in a-cowunturinge,
This forward to fullfille."

XXXVI.

"Now," the quene sayd, "God Almyȝte!
Saue me Gawan, my knyȝte,
That thus for wemen con fiȝte,
Fro wothus him were!"
Gawan sayd, "Medame, as God me spede,
He is duȝti of dede,
A blithe burne on a stede,
And graythe in his gere."
Thenne thay fochet furthe a boke,
Alle thayre laes for to loke,
The kinge sone his othe toke,
And squithely gerut him squere;
And sekirly, with-outen fabulle,
Thus dwellus he atte the Rowuntabulle,
As prest knyȝte, and preuabulle,
With schild and with spere.

XXXVII.

Nowe gode frindus ar thay,
Then carpus Sir Kay,
To the king con he say,
"Sire, a mervaelle thinke me,
Of Bowdewyn's avouyng,
ȝustur euyn in the eunyng,
With-owtun any lettyng,
Wele more thenne we thre."
Quod the king, "Sothe to sayn,
I kepe no lengur for to layn,
I wold wete wundur fayn,
How best myȝte be."
Quod, Kay, "And ȝe wold gif me leue,
And sithun take hit o no greue,
Now schuld I propurly preue,
As euyr myȝte I thee."

XXXVIII.

" ȝisse," quod the king, " on that couande,
That o payn on life and on londe,
That ȝe do him no wrunge,
  Butte saue wele my kny3te ;
As men monly him mete,
And sithun for-sette him the strete,
ȝe fynde him no3te on his fete
  Be warre, for he is wy3te !
For he is horsutte fulle wele,
And clene clad in stele,
Is none of ȝo but he mun fele,
  That he may on-ly3te ;
ȝe wynnun him no3te owte of his way,"
The king him seluun con say,
" Him is lefe, I dar lay,
  To hald that he he3te."

XXXIX.

Thenne sex ar atte on assente,
Hase armut hom, and furthe wente,
Brayd owte aure a bente,
  Bawdewyn to mete ;
With scharpe weppun and schene,
Gay gownus of grene,
To hold thayre armur clene,
  And were hitte fro the wete.
Thre was sette on iche side,
To werne him the wayus wide,
Quere the kny3te schuld furthe ride,
  For-sette hym the strete ;
With copus couert thay hom thenne,
Ry3te as thay hade bene vncowthe men,
For that thay wold no3te be kennet,
  Euyn downe to thayre fete.

XL.

Now as thay houut, and thay hyild,
Thay so a schene vndur schild,
Come prekand fast aure the filde,
  On a fayre stede;
Wele armut and dy3te,
As freke redy to fy3te,
Toward Carlele ry3te,
  He hies, gode spede.
He see ther sixe in his way,
Thenne to thaym seluun con thay say,
"Now he is ferd, I dar lay,
  And of his lyfe dredus;"
Then Kay crius opon he3te,
Alle squythe to the kny3te,
"Othir flee or fi3te,
  The tone be-houus the nede!"

XLI.

Thenne thay kest thayre copus hom fro,
Sir Bawdewyn se that hit wasse so,
And sayd, "And 3e were als mony mo,
  3e gerutte me notte to flee;
I haue my ways for to weynde,
For to speke with a frynde,
As 3e ar herdmen hinde,
  3e marre notte me!"
Thenne the sex sembult hom in fere,
And squere, "By him that bo3te vs dere!
Thou passus neuyr a-way here,
  Butte gif thou dede be!"
"3isse! hardely," quod Kay,
"He may take a-nothir way,
And ther schalle no mon do nere say,
  That schalle greue thè."

XLII.

" Gode thè forȝilde," quod the knyȝte,
" For I am in my wais riȝte,
ȝistur euyn I the king hiȝte,
To cumme to my mete ;
I warne ȝo, frekes, be ȝe bold,
My ryȝte ways wille I holde ;"—
A spere in fewtre he foldes,
A gode and a grete.
Kay stode nexte him in his way,
He jorput him aure on his play,
That heuy horse on him lay,
He squonet in that squete ;
He rode to there othir fyue,
Thayre schene schildus con he riue,
And faure felle he belyue,
In hie in that hete !

XLIII.

Hardely, with-outen delay,
The sex to hom hase takyn vppe Kay,
And thenne Sir Bawdewin con say,
" Wille ȝe any more ?"
The tother vnsquarutte him ther tille,
Sayd, " Thou may weynd quere thou wille,
For thou hase done vs noȝte butte skille,
Gif we be wowundut sore."
He brayd aure to the kinge,
With-owtun any letting,
He asshed, if he hade herd any tithing,
In thayre holtus hore ?
The knyȝte stedit and stode,
Sayd, " Sir, as I come thro ȝondur wode,
I herd ne se butte gode,
Quere I schuld furthe fare."

XLIV.

Thanne was the kinge ameruaylet thare,
That he wold telle him no more,—
Als squithur thay ar 3are,
To masse ar thay wente;
By the masse wasse done,
Kay come home sone,
Told the king be-fore none,
"We ar alle schente.
Of Sir Baudewyn, 3our kny3te,
He is nobulle in the fi3te,
Bold hardy and wi3te,
To bide on a bente;
Fle wille he neuyr more,
Him is muche leuyr dee thore,
I may banne hur that him bore,
Suche harmes haue I hente!"

XLV.

Noue the king sayd, "Fle he ne can,
Ne werne his mete to no man,
Gife any biurne schuld him ban,
A meruail hit ware!"
Thenne the king cald his mynstrelle,
And told him holly his wille,
Bede him layne atte hit were stille,
That he schuld furthe fare,
To Baudewins of Bretan,
"I cummawunde thè or thou cum a-gayne,
Faurty days o payne,
Loke that thou duelle there;
And wete me preuely to say,
If any mon go meteles away,
For thi wareson for ay,
Do thou me neuyrmore."

XLVI.

Then the mynstrelle weyndus on his way,
Als fast as he may,
Be none of the thryd day
He funde thaym atte the mete ;
The lady and hur menè,
And gestus grete plentè,
Butte porter none funde he,
To werne him the ȝate.
Butte rayket in-to the halle,
Emunge the grete and the smalle,
And loket a-boute him aure alle,
He herd of no threte ;
Butte rialle seruys, and fyne
In bollus birlutte thay the wyne,
And cocus in the kechine,
Squytheli con squete !

XLVII.

Then the ladi conne he loute,
And the biurdes alle a-boute,
Bothe with-inne and with-oute,
No faute he ther fonde :
Kny3te, squyer, ȝoman, ne knaue,
Hom lacket no3te that thay schuld haue,
Thay nedut notte aftur hit to craue,
Hit come to hor honde.
Thenne he wente to the dece,
Be-fore the pruddust in prece,
That lady was curtase,
And bede him stille stonde ;
He sayd, he was knoun and couthe,
And was comun fro bi-southe,
And ho had myrthe of his mouthe
To here his tithand.

XLVIII.

A sennyȝt duellut he thare,
Ther was no spense for to spare,
Burdes thay were neuyr bare,
  Butte euyr couurt clene;
Bothe knyȝte and squiere,
Mynstrelle and messyngere,
Pilgreme and palmere,
  Was welcum, I wene.
Ther was plenty of fode,
Pore men hade thayre gode,
Mete and drinke or thay ȝode,
  To wete, wythe-outyn wene;
The lord lenge wold noȝte,
Butte come home, qwen him gode thoȝte,
And bothe he hase with him broȝte
  The kinge and the quene.

A Fitte.

XLIX.

NOW ther come fro the kechine
Rialle seruice and fine,
Ther was no wonting of wine,
  To lasse ne to mare;
Thay hade atte thayre sopere,
Riche metes and dere,
The king with a blythe chere,
  Bade hom sle care!
Then sayd the kinge opon hiȝte,
Alle sqwithe to the knyȝte,
"Suche a seruice on a nyȝte
  Se I neuyr are!"
Thenne Bawdewyn smylit, and on him loghe,
Sayd, "Sir, God hase a gud pluȝe,
He may send vs alle enughe,
  Qwy schuld we spare?"

L.

"Now I cummawunde thè," quod the king,
To-morne in the mornyng,
That thou weynde on huntyng,
To wynne vs the dere;
Fare furthe to the fenne,
Take with thè howundus and men,
For thou conne hom best kenne,
Thou knoes best here.
For alle day to-morne wille I bide,
And no forthir wille I ride,
Butte with the ladès of pride,
To make me gud chere."
To bed bownut thay that ny3te,
And atte the morun atte days li3te,
Thay blew hornys opon hi3te,
And ferd furthe in fere.

LI.

Thenne the kynge cald his huntere,
And sayd, "Felaw, come here;"—
The tother, with a blithe chere,
Knelet on his kne;
Dowun to the kinge con he lowte,
"I commawunde thè to be alle ny3te oute,
Bawdewyn, that is sturun and stowte,
With thè schall he be.
Erly in the dawyng,
Loke that 3e come fro huntyng,
If 3e no venesun bring,
Full litille rechs me!"
The tother vnsquarut him ther tille,
Sayd, "Sir, that is atte 3our aune wille,
That hald I resun and skille,
As euyr my3te I the!"

LII.

And atte euyn the king con him dy3te,
And callut to him a kny3te,
And to the chambur full ri3te,
He hices, gode waye;
Qwere the lady of the howse,
And maydyns ful beuteowse,
Were curtase and curiowse,
For sothe in bed lay.
The kyng bede "Vndo;"—
The lady asshes, "Querto?"—
He sayd, "I am comun here loe,
In derne for to play;"
Ho sayd, "Haue 3e notte 3our aune quene here,
And I my lord to my fere,
To ny3te more ne3e 3e me nere,
In faythe gif I may!"

LIII.

"Vndo the dur," quod the kinge,
"For bi him that made alle thinge,
Thou schalle haue no harmynge,
Butte in thi none wille!"
Vppe rose a dameselle squete,
In the kinge that ho lete,
He sette him downe on hur beddus fete,
And talkes so hur tille.
Sayd, "Medame, my kny3te
Mun lye with thè alle ny3te,
Til to-morne atte days li3te,
Take hit on non ille;
For als euyr my3te I the,
Thou schalle harmeles be,
We do hit for a wedde-fee,
The stryue for to stylle."

LIV.

Thenne the kyng sayd to his kny3te,
" Sone that thou were vndy3te,
And in 3ondur bedde ry3te,
Hie thè, gud spede!"
The kny3te did as he him bade,
And qwenne ho se him vnclad,
Then the lady wex drede,
Worlyke in wede.
He sayd, " Lye downe preuely hur by,
Butte neghe no3te thou that lady,
For and thou do, thou schalle dey,
For thi derfe dede;
Ne no3te so hardy thou stur,
Ne onus turne thè to hur;
The tother sayd, " Nay, Sur,"
For him hade he drede.

LV.

Thenne the kyng asshet a chekkere,
And cald a damesel dere,
Downe thay sette hom in fere,
Opon the bed syde;
Torches was ther mony li3te,
And laumpus brennyng fulle br3te,
Butte notte so hardy was that kny3te,
His hede onus to hide.
Butte fro thay be-gan to play,
Quyle on the morun that hit was day,
Euyr he lokette as he lay,
Baudewynne to byde;
And erly in the dawyng,
Come thay home from huntyng,
And hertis conne thay home bring,
And buckes of pride.

LVI.

Thay toke this venesun fyne,
And hade hit to kechine,
The kinge sonde after Bawdewine,
And bede him cum see;
To the chaumbur he takes the way,
He fyndus the king atte his play,
A knyȝte in his bedde lay,
With his lady.
Thenne sayd the king opon hiȝte,
"To nyȝte myssutte I my knyȝte,
And hithir folut I him ryȝte,
Here funden is hee;
And here I held hom bothe stille,
For to do hom in thi wille,
And gif thou take hit now tille ille,
No selcouthe thinge me."

LVII.

Then the king asshed, "Art thou wrothe?"
"Nay, Sir," he sayd, "with-outen othe,
Ne wille the lady no lothe,
I telle ȝo as quy;
For hitte was atte hur awen wille,
Els thurt no mon comun hur tille,
And gif I take hitte thenne to ille,
Much maugreue haue Y,
For mony wyntur to-gedur we haue bene,
And ȝette ho dyd me neuyr no tene,
And iche syn schalle be sene,
And sette fulle sorely;"
The king sayd, "And I hade thoȝte,
Quy that thou wrathis thè noȝte,
And fyndus him in bed broȝte,
By thi laydy?"

LVIII.

Quod Bawdewyn, " And ȝe wille sitte,
I schalle do ȝo wele to witte;"—
" ȝisse," quod the king, " I thè hete,
And thou wille noȝte layne."—
" Hit be-felle in ȝour fadur tyme,
That was the kyng of Costantyne,
Puruayed a grete oste and a fyne,
And wente in-to Spayne.
We werrut on a Sawdan,
And alle his londus we wan,
And him seluun, or we blan,
Then were we fulle fayn;
I wos so lufd with the king,
He gafe me to my leding,
Lordus atte my bidding,
Was buxum and bayne.

LIX.

He gafe me a castelle to gete,
With alle the lordschippus grete,
I hade men atte my mete,
Fyue hundrythe and mo;
And no wemen butte thre,
That owre seruandis schild be;
One was bryȝtur of ble
Then ther othir toe,
Toe were atte one assente,
The thrid felow haue thay hente,
Vnto a welle ar thay wente,
And says hur alleso;
" Sithin alle the loce in thè lise,
Thou schalle tyne thine aprise;"
And wurchun as the vnwise,
And tite conne hur sloe.

LX.

And for tho werkes were we wo,
Gart threte tho othir for to slo,
Thenne sayd the tone of tho,
" Lette vs haue oure life;
And we schalle atte ȝour bidding be,
As myculle as we alle thre;—
Is none of ȝaw in preuetè
Schalle haue wontyng of wyfe."
Thay held vs wele that thay heȝte,
And diȝte vs on the day liȝte,
And thayre body vche nyȝte,
With-outun any stryue;
The tone was more louely,
That the tother hade enuy,
Hur throte in sundur preuely,
Ho cutte hitte with a knyfe.

LXI.

Muche besenes hade we,
How that best myȝte be,
Thay asshed cowuncelle atte me,
To do hur to dede;
And I vnsquarut, and sayd, " Nay,
Loke furst qwatt hur seluun wille say,
Quether ho may serue vs alle to pay,
That is a bettur rede.
Ther ho hette vs in ther halle,
To do alle that a woman schild falle,
Wele for to serue vs alle,
That stode in that stede;
Ho held vs wele that ho heȝte,
And diȝte vs on the day liȝte,
And hur body iche nyȝte,
In tille oure bed beed.

LXII.

And bi this tale I vndurstode,
Wemen that is of mylde mode,
And syne giffes hom to gode,
  Meculle may ho mende;
And tho that giffus hom to the ille,
And sithin thayre folìs wille fullfille,
I telle 3o wele, be propur skille,
  No luffe wille inne hom lenge.
With gode wille grathely hom gete,
Meke and mylde atte her mete,
Thryuandly with-outun threte,
  And joy atte iche ende;
Forthi jelius schalle I neuer be,
For no si3te that I see,
Ne no biurdes bri3te of ble,
  Iche ertheli thinke hase ende!"

LXIII.

The king sayd, "Thou says wele,—
"Sir," he sayd, "as haue I sele,
I wille thou wote hit iche dele,
  Therefore come Y;
Thi lady gret me to squere squyftelè,
Or I my3te gete entrè,
That ho schuld harmelès be,
  And alle hur cumpany.
Then gerut I my kny3te,
To go in bed with the biurde bry3te,
On the fur syde of the li3te,
  And lay hur dowun by;
I sette me doune hom besyde,
Here thè for to a-bide,
He ne3hit neuyr no naked syde
  Of thi lady.

LXIV.

For-thi of jelusnes be thou bold,
Thine a-vow may thou hold,
Butte of tho othir thinges that thou me told,
I wold wete more;
Quy thou dredus notte thi dede,
Ne non that bitus on thi brede,
As euyr brok I my hede,
Thi ȝatis ar euyr ȝare!"
Quod Bawdewyn, "I schalle ȝo telle;
Atte the same castelle,
Quere this antur befelle,
Be-segitte we ware;
On a day we vsshet oute,
And toke presonerus stoute,
The tone of owre foloys had doute,
And durst notte furthe fare.

LXV.

The caytef crope in-to a tunne,
That was sette ther owte in the sunne,
And there come fliand a gunne,
And lemet as the leuyn;
Lyȝte opon hitte atte the last,
That was fastnut so fast,
Alle in sundur hit brast,
In six or in seuyn.
And there hit sluȝe him als,
And his hert was so fals,
Sone the hed fro the hals,
Hit lyputt fulle euyn!
And we come fro the feȝting,
Sowunde with-outun hurting,
And then we louyd the king
That heghehest was in heuyn;

LXVI.

Then owre feloys con say,
Schalle nomon dee or his day,
Butte he cast him selfe a-way,
  Thro3he wontyng of witte;
And there myne a-vow made I,
So dyd alle-that cumpany,
For dede neuyr to be drery,
  Welcum is hit.
Hit is a kyndely thing."—
" Thou says sothe," quod the king,
" Butte of thi thryd a-vowyng,
  Telle me quyche is hit?
Quy thi mete thou wille notte warne,
To no leuand barne?
Ther is no man that may hit tharne;"—
  " Lord, 3e schalle wele wete.

LXVII.

For the sege a-boute vs lay stille,
We hade notte alle atte oure wille,
Mete and drinke vs to fille,
  Vs wontutte the fode;
So come a messyngere,
Bade, " 3ild vppe alle that is here,"
And speke with a sturun schere,—
  I nyll, by the rode!
I gerutte him bide to none,
Callud the stuard sone,
Told him alle as he schuld done,
  As counselle is gud;
Gerutte trumpe on the walle,
And couerd burdes in the halle,
And I my-self emunge hom alle,
  As a king stode.

LXVIII.

I gerut hom wasshe, to mete wente,
Aftur the stuard then I sente,
I bede that he schuld take entente,
That alle schuld welle fare;
Bede bringe bred plentè,
And wine in bollus of tre,
That no wontyng schuld be,
To lasse ne to mare.
We hade no mete, butte for on day
Hit come in a nobulle aray,
The messyngere lokit ay,
And se hom sle care;
He toke his leue atte me[te];
We gerutte him drinke atte the 3ate,
And gafe him giftus grete,
And furthe con he fare.

LXIX.

But quen the messyngere was gone,
These officers ichone,
To me made thay grete mone,
And drerely con say;
Sayd, "In this howse is no bred,
No quyte wine nyf red,
3o be-houes 3ild vppe this stid,
And for oure lyuys pray."
3ette God helpus ay his man,
The messyngere come a-gayn than,
With-oute to the cheuytan,
And sone conne he say;
"Tho3he 3e sege this seuyn 3ere,
Castelle gete 3e none here,
For thay make als mirry chere,
Als hit were 3ole day!"

LXX.

Then the messyngere con say,
"I rede 3o, hie 3o hethinne a-way,
For in 3our oste is no play,
Butte hongur and thurst;"
Thenne the king con his kny3tis calle,
Sethinne to cowunselle wente thay alle,
"Sythinne no bettur may be-falle,
This hald I the best."
Euyn atte the mydny3te,
Hor lordis sembelet to a sy3te,
That were hardy and wi3te,
Thay remuyt of hor rest;
Mete laynes mony lakke,
And there mete hor sege brake,
And gerut hom to giffe vs the bake,
To preke thay were fulle preste!

LXXI.

And then we lokit were thay lay,
And see oure enmeys a-way,
And then oure felawis con say,
The lasse and the mare;
He that gode may gete,
And wernys men of his mete,
Gud Gode, that is grete,
Gif him sory care!
For the mete of the messyngere,
Hitte mendutte alle oure chere."
Then sayd the king, that thay my3te here,
And sqwythely con squere,
"In thè conne we fynde no fabulle,
Thine a-vowes arne profetabulle;"
And thus recordus the Rowndetabulle,
The lasse and the more.

LXXII.

Thenne the kinge and his knyȝtis alle,
Thay madun myrthe in that halle,
And then the lady conne thay calle,
  The fayrist to fold;
Sayde, " Bawdewyn, and thou be wise
Take thou this lady of price,
For muche loue in hur lyce
  To thine hert hold:
Ho is a biurde fulle bryȝte,
And therto semely to thy siȝte,
And thou hase holdinne alle that thou hiȝte
  As a kniȝte schulde!"
Now Jhesu Lord, Heuyn kynge,
He graunt vs alle his blessynge
And gife vs alle gode endinge,
  That made vs on the mulde!

NOTES.

ANTURS OF ARTHER.

St. 1, *l.* 7, 8. *Fellun to tho femalus in forest was fredde,*
Fayre by fermesones, by frythys, and felles.

The Douce MS. reads,

To felle of the femmales, in the foreste wele frythede,
Faire in the fernysone tyme, by frithis, and fellis.

The Lincoln,

To falle of the femmales, in foreste and frydde,
By the firmyschamis in frithes and fellis.

Fellun to tho femalus, i. e. got the scent of, or tracked. Thus in the GREEN KNIGHT,*

The howndes that hit herde, hasted thider swythe,
And fellun as faste to the fuyt. 1425.

The same expression occurs in *St.* 4, *l.* 7. If *fredde* be not an error of the scribe, we may explain it by *feared, frayed, frightened.*

The word *fermysown* is also met with in the GREEN KNIGHT.

For the fre lorde hade defende in fermysown tyme
That ther schuld no mon mene to the male dere. 1156.

The following extract from a deed quoted in Blount's Law Dictionary (*voce* Fermisona) is sufficiently explicit upon the matter of the *Fermysones.*

Quod idem Hugo et hæredes sui de cætero quolibet anno possint capere in prædicto Parco (de Blore) unam damam in *Fermisona* inter festum Sancti Martini et Purif. Beatæ Mariæ, et unum damum

* Sir F. Madden's Syr Gawayne.

in *Pinguedine* inter festum Sanctæ Crucis in Maio et festum S. Crucis in Septemb. in perpetuum.

St. 5. *l.* 12. *Seriandys of mase.*

Serjeants à mace were instituted by Philippe Auguste when in the Holy Land (1190). They formed the body guard of the monarch, and towards the end of the fourteenth century were called Serjeants at Arms.*

St. 9. *l.* 4. There is an expression something like this in Ywaine and Gawine.†

Than bigan hir noyes al new,
For sorow failed hir hide and hew. 885.

Ib. l. 12. *Enyn*, eyes,

Therfore he that hath a sharp siȝte,
And cler *eynyn*, and as briȝte,
As a beste that men linx callis,
That may se thoruh nyne ston wallis.
Hampole, MS.

St. 18, *l.* 11. *Vndur.*

"The true form is *undorn* or *undern*, i. e. unter, inter, between—and means the intervening period; it therefore sometimes denotes a part of the forenoon or meal taken at that time, and sometimes a period between noon and sunset. Ulphilas translates *ἄριστον*, Luc. 14, 12, by *undaurnimat*. Lanc. *oandurth*." Quart. Rev. vol. lvi. p. 376.

St. 28, *l.* 2. *Trowlt with trulufes.*

When the corpse of Edward the First was discovered on opening his tomb in 1774, his stole of rich white tissue was found "studded with gilt quatrefoils in philagree work, and embroidered with pearls in the shape of what are called true-lovers' knots."‡

* Meyrick, *Critical Enquiry*, vol. i. p. 88.

† Ritson's *Metr. Rom.* vol. i. p. 38.

‡ Planché, *History of British Costume*, p. 104.

St. 29, *l.* 1. Gresse-grene.

"Green appears to have been the prevailing colour of the robe in the reign of John."*

St. 30. *Colurs.*

In the time of Richard the First, *collars* were used to protect the throat. The word here, however, may mean the *colours* of the various splendid accoutrements with which the knight was equipped.

Crest.

The earliest instance of the *crest* with the lambrequin and wreath, as heraldic insignia, is said to be found on the seal of Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, prior to the year 1286. But a crest is also exhibited on the seal of Richard the First.†

Brene.

The Saxon 'Birne, Byrny—the Norman Broigne—was a sort of iron tunic formed of rings, or plates (the *mayles*) stitched upon leather in various forms, fitting close to the body. It formed, in fact, the *coat of mail.* This tunic gradually became covered with plates of steel, and its use being thus superseded, it had very nearly vanished by the time of Richard the Second.

Basnet.

Bascinet, or Basinet, a light helmet, shaped like a basin; a visor was sometimes added to it. The *Bacinez à visières* occur in the French Romances of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and they were commonly worn by the English infantry in the reigns of Edward II. and III. and Richard II.

Enclawet.

Perhaps riveted or nailed;—"The chain mail consisted of four rings connected by a fifth, all of which were so fastened by rivets, that they formed a complete garment of themselves."‡

His stede trapput with that ilke.

The horse of the knight also had on a coat of mail, over which was a housing of silk, reaching the ground. The head was protected by the cheveron or chanfron, from which the Anlas, a long, pointed dagger, protruded. The cheveron first occurs in the Clause Roll of

* Planché, p. 89. † Ibid. p. 84. ‡ Ibid. p. 97.

the fifty-fourth of Henry III.* Armed horses were common in the reign of Edward the First.

And off thaim yeit war thre thousand,
With helyt horss in plate and mailye.

Bruce, II. 105.

St. 31, *l.* 2.

With his sternes of gold, stanseld on stray.

Stanseled appears to be the English form of *extencellatus*, a term made use of in the Wardrobe accounts of Edward the Third: "Et ad faciendum unum harnesium de bokeram albo pro rege, extencellato cum argento; *viz.* tunicam et scutum operata cum dictamine Regis

Hay, hay the wythe swan
By Godes soule I am thy man.

Et croparim, pectorale, testarium et arcenarium extencellata cum argento."† *Fr.* etincelé.

Gamesuns.

The Gameson or Gambeson, was a padded or quilted doublet, which, about the middle of the fourteenth century, gave place to the *Pourpoint.* It was made, according to Sir S. Meyrick, of leather stuffed with wool.‡

Schinbandes.

In the Bayeux Tapestry, the legs of the figures are, generally speaking, bound with bands of different colours rising out of the shoe in the ancient Saxon manner, being wound round the leg to the top of the calf, in imitation of the hay bands used by their rude ancestors.§

Polans.

The poleyns, or knee-pieces, were the first additions of *plate* to the *mail* armour. In a manuscript entitled the Lives of the Offas, written by Matthew Paris (MS. Cotton. Nero D.) and of the time of Henry III. the knights appear generally in gamboised armour (padded work, stitched), with surcoats, and wearing shin-pieces or greaves of steel. They have also the poleyns.‖

* Sir H. Ellis, *Penny Cyclop.* Art. Armour.

† Warton's History of English Poetry, i. 251. ‡ Planché, p. 75.

§ Sir H. Ellis, *loco citato.* ‖ Ibid.

Pelidoddes.

In the tale of Emare we find the word *perydotes* apparently meaning some sort of precious stone.

Deamondes and koralle,
Perydotes and crystall,
And gode garnettes bytwene.

St. 32, *l.* 5.

Then he auaylet vppe his viserne fro his ventalle.

The various contrivances for defending the face, were confounded together under the term aventail, or *avant taille*; and even at the early period when our MS. was written, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, there must have been some obscurity about this part of the helmet. Amongst the earlier forms was one where the visor, the part pierced for sight, was *let down, availed,* if the knight intended to shew himself. If this was the practice when the poem was first written, we may easily see the necessity of the posterior scribe, or reciter, endeavouring to make himself intelligible by the curious combination "availed up."

St. 39.

There are so many points of resemblance between the encounter of Sir Gawan and Sir Galrun, and that of Governar and Sir Aunselle, in the Romance of King Arthur of Little Britain, (supposed to be of the 14th or 15th century)—that I shall, without apology, copy the quotation from Sir S. Meyrick.*

"They drew aparte fro other, and dressed their speres to the restes, and dashed theyr sporres to the horses sydes, and met togider so rudely, that they frusshed their speres to theyr listes like hardye knightes and ful of great valure. How be it Syr Aunselle's valure was not to be compared with Governar: for Governar had been a man greatly to be redoubted. And after the breking of theyr speres, they past by, and in the retorninge they set theyr handes to theyr swerdes. And Governar stroke Syr Aunsell so rudely, that he did ryve his shelde to the bocle, and brake a great part of his harneys; so that the swerde entred depe into the

* *Critical Enquiry*, vol. i. p. 158.

† Ritson's Metr. Rom. vol. ii. p. 210.

flesshe, and Syr Aunsell stroke again Governar on the helme, and broke with the stroke many barres thereof; and the stroke glanced down on the lifte syde, and share away a great parte of his harneys to the bare sadell, but God kept him that it entered not into the fleshe. Then Governar florysshed agayne his swerde, and stroke Syr Aunsell on the heyght on his helme, and cut it to the harde sercle of stele, and the stroke glanced downe by the shelde so rudely that he clave it to the middes. And with the same stroke the swerde did lighte on the necke of the horse, wherewyth the horse was so sore wounded that he fell downe to the erthe. And when Sir Aunsell felte his horse fallen under hym, he lept on his feet with his swerde in his hande; wherfore he was of some greatly prayysed: and some other dyd greatlye prayse the stroke of Governar. And when Governar saw him on the erthe, he thought that he would not renne on his enemy with his horse, he being on fote. Therfore incontinent he dyd alyght downe on fote, and putte his shelde before hym and wente sekynge his enemy; and gave hym such a stroke, that he strake a waye parte of his cheke; and the stroke dyscended to his sholder and wounded him to the harde bones; wherwith Syr Aunsel was constrayned to knele, and right nere to have fallen. Then al the lordes sayd that theyr was non coude longe endure the strokes of Governar. Therewith Arthur laughed with a good herte, so that Governar harde hym, wherby his herte douwbled in courage. And whan Syr Aunsel felt hymself thus hardly bestad, he sware in his mynde that he wolde be avenged of that stroke, and therwith lyfte up hys swerd to have stricken Governar; but when he sawe the stroke coming, he put his shelde before hym, and advysed wel how that Syr Aunsell had his arme up a loft, and with a backe stroke he stroke at Syr Aunsell under the armour so rudely, that the arme and swerde and all flew into the felde; wherof Syr Aunsel had so much payne, that he fel to the erth in a traunce. And then Governar lept to hym to have stryken of hys head: but he cryed for God's sake mercy."

St. 45, *l.* 11. *Pusane.*

This was either the Gorget or a substitute for it. In the Acts of Parliament of Scotland (anno 1429), it is ordered that every one worth 20*l.* a-year, or 100*l.* in moveable goods, "be weie horsit and

haill enarmyt as a gentill man aucht to be. And uther sympillare of X lib. of rent or L lib. in gudes haif hat, gorgeat or pesanne, with rerebrasares, vambrasares and gluffes of plate, breast plate, and leg splentes at the lest, or better gif him likes."*

St. 53.

The lines in brackets are copied from the Douce MS. as is the first line of the next stanza. With respect to the former, we should have a somewhat more intelligible arrangement of the verse, thus,

"Nowe here I gif thè, Galrun," quod Gauan, "with-outyn any gile,
That if he of cheualry, chalange ham for aire,
The Lother, the Lemmok, the Loynak, the Lile,
Alle the londus for-sothe, fro Logher to Layre,
Carrake, Cummake, Conyngame and Kile,
Sir, to thi seluun, and sithun to thine ayre."

* Act Parl. Scot. vol. ii. p. 18.

SIR AMADACE.

THE following are a specimen of the variations in the copy published by Weber.

St. 5.

Sir Amadas, as Y yow say,
Buskyd hym apon a day
  On his way to fovnde.
He gaffe ther ryche gyfftes,
Bothe to sqwyars and to knyghttes,
  Stedes, hakes, and howndes;
And sythyn, apon a day,
He buskyd hym on hys jornày,
  Hastely in that stonde.

St. 10. This is one of the Stanzas omitted in Weber's edition.

St. 13, *l.* 10.

Whoso wolde cum to is yate,
And aske owghth for Godes sake,
  He cowd not say hom nay.

St. 14, *l.* 3.

Ther myghte no mon is bred sowe,
Nor no draper is clothe drawe,
  His meyt was redy to ylka wyghth.

St. 16, *l.* 3.

Weber reads, *only to a styd;* and gives as the meaning of *styd*, steed, horse. I should rather interpret it as implying that he owed thirty pounds in one place.

St. 18.

Sir Amadas toke his palfrey than ;
He was a full sory man ;
  His deydes he hym forthoght :
" This mon Y myght wele be sybbe
Thut he apon the bere thus lygkes :
  For as sche says thus have Y wroght."
He cald apon his sompter-mon :
" At the marchandes hows owre yn thou tak on ;
  On hym is all my thoghtt.
Loke thou dyght owre soper be tyme,
Of delycyous meytes gud and fyne,
  And that thou spare ryght noght."

The mon dyd as the lord hym bad ;
A reydè wey to the town he had,
  He spyrd to the marchandes yn :
And when he to his yn come,
His lordes soper he dyght full sone,
  Of gud meytes and fyne.
Be that the soper was dyght,
Sir Amadas was com and don lyght,
  And hit was soper tyme.

St. 20, *l.* 6.

" Y wyll com to that mon."
The bord was seyt, the cloth was layd,
The soper was all redy greythyd,
  The marchandes wyfe began.
Sir Amadas made bot lytyll chere,
Bot on the deyd cors on the bere
  Full mykell his thoght was than.

St. 22, *l.* 12.

Wastars bwones gnave.

Was this the proper pronunciation of the word *gnaw*, or are we to consider it as a poetical licence ?

St. 25.

At morne when the dey began to spryng,
All the belles of that cety he gard to ryng
That soole for to plese.
All the relegyne of that towne
Ageyn the cors yede with processyon,
With mony a ryche burgès.
He gard xxxti prestes that day sing;
Sir Amadas offerd, withowt lesyng,
Truly at ylke a masse;
And he preyd hom then also
That thei wold to the innes go.
The more and the lasse;

St. 34.

" Now am he Y that noght has,
As of a mon that sumtyme was
Full mykyll seyt by.
Ther Y had an hondorthe marke of rent;
Y spentte hit all in lyghtte atent,
Of suche forlok was Y."

St. 36.—The last six lines of this stanza are not in Weber's copy; the meaning seems to be, " For if thou wert to send me socour, even yet I should gladly give it to those who are in want."

St. 45, *l.* 7.

This betyd besyde a towre
After befell hym greyt honour,
Besyde that feyr cetè.
The kyng hymselfe saw hym with syght,
And his doghtter feyr and bryght,
The turnament that for schuld be.

St. 53, *l.* 6.

In halle scho eytte to dey—

St. 54.—From Weber.

St. 55, *l.* 7.

Thre yer thei dwellyd togeyder than
A feyr son on hur he wan,
Of no kynnes wo thei watte.

St. 69.

" Fare now wele, my frend so dere,
My dwellyng his no lenger here
For sothe as Y thè tell.
Luffe wele thi chylde and thi wyfe,
That thus wolde, withowton stryfe,
Thi forwarde halde and fullfyll."
He glod away as dew in son ;
Ther west no mon where he become :
Sir Amadas dwellyd theyr styll ;
And thonkyd God with all his myght,
And his moder Marè bryght :
Therto he hade grete skyll.

Ib. l. 8. *He glode a-way as dew in towne.*
Perhaps the correct reading is *downe.*

St. 71 and 72 are not in Weber.

THE AVOWYNGE OF KING ARTHER, ETC.

A BALLAD, which was first published by Dr. Whitaker in his History of Craven, and afterwards by Evans,* under the title of the "Felon Sowe and the Freeres of Richmonde," has very much the appearance of having been a parody of the one now offered to the reader. Dr. Whitaker says the story is told "with great spirit, and in a vein of flowing and harmonious verse. The manners are strictly correct. A mendicant friar would fight for a bacon hog as eagerly as a knight would encounter a wild boar. The manners of chivalry too are every where kept in view. The circumstances of the poem do not enable me to fix its date. * * * From the style, I should suppose it to be prior to the reign of Henry VII."

The deficiencies and errors of the MS. are numerous, and have neither been pointed out nor corrected by its editor; but, in spite of its imperfections, it affords a very curious and valuable series of illustrations to the boar-hunt in the present ballad. It commences,

Ye men that will of aunters wynne,
That late within this land hath been,
  Of one I can you tell;
Of a sow that was sae strong,
Alas, that ever she lived sae long!
  For fell folk did she whell.
Her walk was endlang Greta side,
Was no barn that could her bide,
  That was frae heaven to hell;
Ne never man that had that might,
That ever durst come in her sight,
  Her force it was so fell.

* Old Ballads, vol. iii. p. 270.

She was more than other three,
The grisliest beast that ever might be,
Her head was great and grey:
She was bred in Rokeby wood,
There were few that thither yoode,
That came on live away.*

Ralph of Rokeby, with good will,
The freers of Richmond yaf her tyll,
Full well to gar them fare;
Freer Middleton by name,
He was sent to fetch her hame,
It rued him syne full sare.
With him he took wight men two,
Peter of Dale was one of tho,
T'other was Bryan of Beare,
That well durst strike with sword and knife,
And fight full manfully for their life,
What time as musters were.

St. 6.

That the MAKER of the FELON SOW was well acquainted with this or some similar ballad, and had a delicate perception of the ridiculous, will be apparent on comparing the first encounter with the sow and the knightly attack upon the BOAR.

These three men wended at their will,
This felon sow qwhyl they came tyll,
Liggand under a tree;
Rugged and rusty was her hair,
She rose up with a felon fere,
To fight against the three.
Grisly was she for to meet,
She rave the earth up with her feet,
The bark came from the tree;

* Some liberties have been taken in re-arranging these stanzas; there seems to be a deficiency here.

When freer Middleton her saugh,
Wete ye well he list not laugh,
Full earnsful looked he.

These men of aunters were so wight,
They bound them baudly for the fight,
And struck at her full sore;
Unto a kiln they garred her flee,
Would God send them the victory,
They would ask him no more.
(Half the stanza appears to be wanting.)

The sow was in that kiln hole down,
And they were on the bank aboon
For hurting of their feet:
They were so sauted with this sow,
That 'mong them was a stalwarth stew,
The kiln began to reek.
Durst no man nigh her with his hand,
But put a rope down with a wand,
And heltered her full meek:
They hauled her forth again her will,
While they came until a hill,
A little from the street.

And there she made them such a fray,
As had they lived until Domesday
They could it ne'er forget.
She braded up on every side,
And ran on them gaping full wide,
For nothing would she let.
She gave such hard brades at the band,
That Peter of Dale had in his hand.
He might not hold his feet;
She chased them so, to and fro,
The wight men never were so wo,
Their measure was not mete.

She bund her boldly for to bide,
To Peter of Dale she came aside,
With many a hideous yell;
She gaped so wide and cried so high,
* * * *
As if a fiend of hell.
Thou are comed hither for some train,
I conjure thee to go again,
Where thou art wont to dwell.
He signed him with cross and creed,
Took forth a book, began to read,
Of Saint John his gospel.

The sow she would no Latin hear,
But rudely rushed at the frere,
That blinked all his ble;
And when she would have taken hold,
The freer leapt as Jesu wold,
And bealed him with a tree.
* * * *
She was as brim as any boar,
And gave a grisly hideous roar,
To them it was no boot;
On tree and busk that by her stood,
She venged her as she were woode,
And rave them up by the root.

* * * *

He said, Alas, that I was freer!
I shall be lugged asunder here,
Hard is my destiny!
Y-wist my brethren in this hour,
That I was set in sik a stour,
They would pray for me.
This wicked beast that wrought this woe,
Twan the rope from t'other two,
And then they fled all three;

They fled away by Watling Street,
They had no succour but their feet,
It was the more pity.

Friar Middleton attempted in vain to persuade the Warden that this redoubtable sow was nothing less than the fiend himself.

The warden waged on the morn
Two boldest men that ever was born,
I ween, or ere shall be—
* * * *
These men the battle undertook
Against the sow, as saith the book,
And sealed security

That they should boldly bide and fight,
And scomfit her in main and might,
Or therefore should they die :
The warden sealed to them again,
And said, If ye in field be slain
This condition make I :
We shall for you sing and read,
Until Doomsday with hearty speed,
With all our progeny.
Then the letters were well made,
The bonds were bound with seals brade,
As deed of arms should be.

After a hard contest the two champions are victorious, and bear away the conquered foe in triumph.

They hoisted her on a horse so hee,
On two * * * * of tree,
And to Richmond anon ;
When they saw the felon come,
They sang merrily Te Deum,
The freers everichone.
They thanked God and Saint Francis,
That they had won the beast of pris.
And ne'er a man was slain ;

There never did man more manly,
The knight Marous or Sir Guy,
Nor Lewis of Lorraine.

If you will any more of this
I' th' Freer at Richmond written it is,
In parchment good and fine;
How freer Middleton so hende,
At Greta Bridge conjured a fiend,
In likeness of a swine.
It is well known to many a man,
That freer Theobald was warden then,
And this fell in his time.
And Christ them bless both far and near,
All that for solace this do hear,
And him that made the rhime.

GLOSSARY.

The following may be considered as general formulæ of the early English orthography exhibited in the Ireland MS.

The plural of nouns and the third person singular of verbs are formed in -us, -ys, -es, -is—*as* ledus, *for leads,* redys *for reads, &c. The plural of verbs ends in* -un, -en.

The perfect tense and passive participle in -ut, -utte, *as* warnut, *for warned.*

The aspirate is sometimes omitted, as onest *for honest; at others added, as* hitte *for it.*

Sch- *for sk or ch;* sh *for ch.*

Qu *for w, as* squete *for sweet;* qw-, qu-, *for wh-, as* qwi *for why,* quen *for when;* ȝ *for gh, as* myȝtun, *might;* wyȝte, *wight; for y, as* ȝaure, *your;* ȝo, *you.*

The letters A. B. C. *refer severally to the "Anturs," "Sir Amadace," and the "Avowynge:" the figures to the stanza and line.*

Adecoue? A. 16. 11. Probably an error of the scribe: the other MSS. read *avow.*

Afrayet, afraid, frightened. A. 31. 9.

Ayre, heir.

Aythire, either.

Als, also. C. 65. 9.

Alstite, as soon as possible. B. 56. 6.

And, occasionally for *An,* if. A. 16. 2.

Antur, adventure; Anturis hoke, oak of adventures? C. 32. 7.

Apraysut, valued? A. 29. 9. MS. Douce has *praysed.*

Aprise, adventure, undertaking. C. 59. 14.

Are, ere, before. B. 4. 2.

At, that. A. 14. 10. *Lancashire, ot.*

Auaylet, let down. A. 32. 5.

Auenant, comely, handsome. A. 24. 3.

Avow, oath. C. 2. 6.

Aure, over.

Aure-hiet, overtook? C. 19. 6.

Aw, ought. A. 55. 9: owe. B. 1. 4. *p. t.* aȝte. B. 14. 12.

Awen, own. C. 57. 5.

Bacun, baked. A. 27. 4.

" With birdes in bread y-bake."
Squier of Low Degree, 319.

Bade, *p. t. of bede, infra*, shewed? C. 3. 14.

Bayne, prompt, ready. B. 47. 12.

Bayet, baited. C. 7. 6.

Bake, back. C. 70. 15.

Bale, harm, evil, grief. B. 4. 9: 17. 10. Bales. A. 8. 12.

Ban, curse. C. 45. 3. Banne. A. 7. 11: 46. 7.

Bandum, disposal. A. 22. 3, *à vostre bandon. Fr.*

Bandus, bounds, neighbourhood. C. 3. 8.

Banere, banner. C. 1. 14.

Bankers, table-clothes? coverlets? A. 35. 2.

Barberè, barberry. A. 6. 6.

Bare, boar. C. 2. 10.

Barette, grief. A. 23. 4.

Baroners, mistake of scribe for baronies? A. 52. 7.

Barne, child. A. 18. 6.

Barrens, hinds not gravid. A. 4. 2.

Basnet, a light helmet, worn with or without a moveable front. A. 30. 3: Basynet. 41. 7.

Be, occasionally for by.

Be-call, require, challenge. A. 32. 7.

Bede, to proffer, offer. A. 50. 8. C. 19. 12. Beed, C. 61. 16. Bede do way, asked him to do away, or leave his grief. B. 38. 5. Bedus. A. 20. 2.

Bedus, prayers. A. 16. 5.

Beforne, before. B. 28. 11. Biforne. 29. 8.

Beken, commend to. B. 32. 11.

—" tyl Leaute be Justice,
And have power to punyshe hem, then put forth thy reson,
For Ich bykenne the Crist quath hue."
Piers Ploughman.

Beker, to attack, act hostilely against. A. 4. 2.

Be-leues, leaves. A. 38. 6.

— " and the lady was beleft with the two squyres in the pavelions." *Morte d'Arthur*, lib. 3, cap. 12.

Belyue, quickly. B. 23. 6. Be-lyfe. A. 39. 3.

Belle, bonfire. A. 15. 6. part of a lady's dress, the mantle? A. 29. 3.

Bene, well, fair. A. 6. 6: 29. 4: 30. 3: 52. 8.

Bente, plain, fields. A. 26. 5: 44, 4: 49. 5. C. 39. 3.

Bercelettus, hounds. C. 7. 2. Berselette. A. 3. 11.

" The stable and the setes set,
Hymself with bow and breslet."
Wyntown.

Bere, noise. A. 10. 8, 9. bear, carry. A. 33. 10. C. 14. 16.

Berd, beard. A. 28. 6.

Berels, beryls. A. 46. 2.

Berunge, burial. B. 24. 8.

Besandus, besants. A. 29. 4.

Besenes, business. C. 61. 1.

Best, beast. C. 17. 5.

Bete, amend. B. 4. 9. A. 8. 12.

Beten, inlaid, adorned. A. 29. 4.

" A coronell on hur hedd sett,
Hur clothys wyth bestes and byrdes were bete."
Le Bone Florence of Rome, v. 182.

Be-tydde, befell. A. 1. 1 : 55. 13.

Beueren, flowing? A. 28. 6.

"That many knyghtes shoke and beuered for egrenes." *Morte d'Arthure*, book 1. cap. 15.

Bi-dene, continuously? A 36. 4, together? A. 1. 11 : 36. 6. moreover? A. 24. 6 : 40. 9 : 53. 11. B. 3. 9.

Bidus, abides, waits, stays. A. 10. 5.

Bie, with. C. 5. 14.

Byernes, nobles. A. 46, 7. *See Birne.*

Birde, Byrde, (*pl.* Birdus,) lady. Biurde. C. 32. 16: 19. 11. Byurde. C. 29. 14.

Byggyt, built, inhabited. A. 6. 6 : 52. 8.

Birlutte, poured. C. 46. 14.

Birne, (*pl.* byrnes,) man, knight, noble. Biurnes. C. 5. 14.

Blake, blacken. C. 15. 15.

Blawus, blows, puffs himself. C. 23. 6.

Blan, *p. t.* ceased, stopped. C. 58. 11.

Ble, hue, colour, complexion, *sæpe.*

Blenket, a white stuff. A. 29. 3. written else-where *Blunket* and *Plonkete.*

Blenked, glanced. A. 42. 4.

Blonke, steed. A. 3. 3 : 39. 5 : 43. 2.

Blu, blew. C. 15. 6.

Bocult, buckled. A. 29. 4.

Boes, boughs. A. 4. 1.

Boke-lornut, book-learned. A. 55. 5.

Bone, prayer. C. 13. 15.

Bollus, bowls, cups. C. 46. 14.

Bordur, circlet round the helmet. A. 30. 4 : *pl.* 46. 2.

Bostus, boasts. C. 23. 6.

Bote, bit, ate. A. 43. 2. salvation. A. 43. 3. remedy. B. 17. 10. what good is it to hide it. A. 16. 9.

Boumet, embalmed. A. 14. 6.

Boune, ready. A. 19. 8. B. 27. 8.

Bouun, going, advancing? A. 44. 2.

Bownus, goes. C. 10. 13.

Brade, broad. C. 3. 15.

Brayd, drew. C. 14. 6 : 39. 3. Braydet. A. 10. 5. bristled? C. 15. 6. hastened? C. 43. 9.

Brede, breadth. A. 45. 13. food. A. 43. 2. synonymous with venison? C. 31. 15. bread. C. 64. 5.

"They toke lodgyng, and was there gras, otys (oats), and breed for their horses." *Morte d'Arthure*, b. 3. c. 10.

Brees, brows. A. 30. 2. C. 15. 15 : 27. 11. *Cheshire*, eye-brows. *Wilbraham's Glossary.*

Breme, savage. B. 16. 8.

Brene, burny, hauberk, cuirass. A. 30. 3. Breny. 41. 7. *pl.* 41. 9?

Brenne, burn. A. 15. 6. Brent, burnished. A. 27. 4.

Briddes, birds. A. 27. 4.

Brittunt, broke in pieces. C. 14. 15. hunting term applied to dividing the wild boar. C. 8. 9 : 16. 14.

Bred, pastry. A. 27. 4.

Brode, *Beddus brauderit o brode*, beds embroidered in breadth, *i. e.* all over. A. 35. 2.

Broches, tapers. A. 35. 9.

Brochet, spurred. A. 41. 4. Broched. A. 39. 5.

Broes, brows. A. 12. 1.

Brok, enjoy. C. 64. 7. Broke. B. 61. 1.

Brothe, enraged, used substantively. C. 16. 4.

Bruen, brewed, made. A. 46. 7.

Bryne, *pl.* brows or bristles. C. 15. 6.

Burd, table. A. 35. 7 : *pl.* B. 14. 5.

Burias, burgess. B. 25. 6.

Burlyche, Burliche, (*superl.* Burlokkest. A. 43. 2.) huge, big. A. 16. 8. used substantively. A. 50. 8.

Busket, Buskutte, arrayed, prepared. A. 44. 8. C. 10. 2.

But if, unless. A. 19. 10. Butte, 33. 12.

Cachet, gone. A. 12. 8. 9.

Canel-bone, collar-bone. A. 40. 12.

Cantel, corner, piece. A. 41. 1. Cantelle, 48. 2. Term in heraldry, the dexter upper corner of the shield.

Carhonde? A. 48. 2.

Carpe, say, tell, speak. Carputte, *p. t.*

Cast, stratagem. A. 48. 2.

Cayselle, for Cayser, Emperor. A. 32. 7.

Chaselette, the canopied platform on which the chair of state was placed? A. 38. 11. *In the Morte d'Arthur (Southey's ed.)* 2. 436, *it is* chaflet. Kyng Arthur satte upon a chaflet in a chayer.

Chaufen, warm. A. 35. 4.

Chefe, upper part, top? A. 9. 10.

Chefe, obtain, achieve. A. 21. 9.

Chekkere, chess-board. C. 55. 1.

Ches, chose. B. 46. 3.

Chesun, reason, account of. C. 19. 11 : 21. 2.

Cheueronne, chanfron, armour for a horse's head. A. 30. 10.

Cheuis, happens. C. 24. 16.

Cheuetan, chieftain. C. 2. 5.

Cholle, jowl, cheek. A. 9. 10.

Chonget, changed. A. 10. 6.

Clanser, cleanser. A. 11. 4.

Claryfiet, glorified. A. 11. 4.

Clechis, clutches, seizes or strikes. A. 48. 7.

Clene, fair. A. 29. 6 : 30. 1 : 40. 13.

Clething, clothing. A. 10. 2.

Cleuet, cleaved. A. 40. 13.

Clyppus, eclipse. A. 8. 3.

Cloes, valleys, cloughs. A. 12. 7.

Clure, bright. A. 29. 7 : 30. 2.

Cocus, cooks. C. 46. 15.

Code, chrysom cloth, used in baptism. A. 18. 3.

Colurt, collared, a term of venery applied to the cutting up of a boar. C. 17. 2 : 31. 6. Coloured. A. 29. 6.

Colurs, colours. A. 52. 4. armorial surcote. A. 30. 1.

Coler, collar. A. 48. 7.

Comande, coming. C. 16. 6.

Con, Conne, Couthe, are very frequently used as auxiliaries before verbs, to express a past tense: Con falle, happened. A. 6. 7. Conne fare, went. C. 5. 16. Con blawe, blew, 6. 4. Con spring, dawned. B. 25. 1. &c. Couthe. A. 35. 7. C. 30. 11.

Conciens, cognizance? B. 37. 9.

Condul, candle. A. 18. 3.

Congrece, suite of servants. B. 41. 11.

Coniurt, conjured. A. 11. 3.

Copus, clokes. C. 39. 13 : 41. 1.

Corse, body, animal. C. 4. 2.

Cost, side. A. 47. 5.

Costage, expence, cost. B. 42. 2.

Coste, spent? C. 28. 3.

Couand, agreement, covenant. B. 63. 11 : 64. 5. C. 38. 1. Convent. A. 16. 6.

Couchet, laid. A. 12. 9.

Countur-felit, the fillet which bound up the cawl or head-tire? A. 29. 6.

Coupus, cups. A. 36. 2.

Couurt, covered. A. 41. 1.

Couthe, understood. C. 17. 1. C. 6. 5. celebrated? 47. 13. *See* Con.

Cowche, den. C. 12. 5.
Cowpullus, couples of dogs. A. 4, 5.
Croyse? A. 23. 1.
Crisumte, wrapt in the chrysom cloth. A. 18. 3.
Cumfordun, encouraged. A. 4. 6.
Cummys, comes. C. 2. 14.
Curtase, courteous, *sæpe*.

Dayng, dawning. A. 37. 5.
Dayntethis, dainties. A. 15. 1.
Daren, manifest fear, tremble. A. 4. 13.
Dedde, did. C. 11. 4.
Dedur, tremble, *Lanc.* dither. C. 25. 8.
Dede, death. B. 8. 12.
Dee, die, *p. t.* Deet. B. 35. 1. Deut. 36. 7.
Dees, Dese, Dece, dais or table of estate. A. 14. 13. B. 20. 9. C. 47. 9: 22. 2.

Lordes in halle wer sette,
And waytes blew to the mete,
The two knyghtes *the dese began*.
i. e. presided.
Sir Eglamoure.

Defoules, conquers, vanquishes A. 21. 2.
Dele, bestow. A. 18. 11. Divide. B. 59. 10: 66. 7.
Dele, part, bit. B. 14. 8. Torment. A. 25. 6.
Delees, delay. C. 22. 12.
Dellun, dells. A. 4. 12.
Demayn? A. 37. 10. Probably an error of the scribe. "And yafe him mete and drink of main," i. e. of strength. *Ywain and Gawin*, 1865. *See* Soppus.
Demun, judge, condemn. B. 29. 10.
Denyte, deny. B. 56. 12.
Deray, disorder. A. 40. 6.
Dere, Deure, noble, honorable. A. 1. 4. C. 1. 6.
Dere, hurt, injure. C. 3. 11.
Derf, foul. C. 54. 12.
Dertly, strongly, fiercely, sternly. A. 24. 13.
Derne, secret. C. 52. 12.
Derwurth, honorable. C. 22. 2.
Deuyt, confounded. A. 22. 4.
Dill, dole, torment. A. 15. 2. Dylle, sorrow. A. 43. 2.
Dylful, dolefull. A. 12. 11. Dulfuly, dolefully. 46. 8.
Dintus, strokes, blows. C. 3. 11. A. 40. 9: 46. 8.
Dyrkyns, lies hid. A. 5. 1.
Dizte, Dyzte, prepare, treat, dispose, do. A. 1. 6: 12. 11. B. 60. 5. C. 4. 2.
Dosiperus, the Douze-Pairs of France, applied to King Arthur's knights. A. 1. 4. Dusiperis. 22. 1.
Dotur and dote, tremble and lose courage. C. 16. 11.
Doue, endow. A. 52. 9.
Douteouse, fearful. A. 40. 9.
Do-way, cease. B. 38. 5.
Dozti, Duzti, doughty, brave, sometimes used subtantively. A. 40. 9.
Drafe, drove. B. 15. 9.
Dre, endure, suffer. A. 11. 11.
Drerely, drearily, sorrowfully. C. 69. 4.
Drery, sorrowful. C. 66. 7.
Drizstine, the Lord. B. 64. 3.
Drezghe, back? A. 40. 6. O-drezghe, backwards. A. 44. 3.

The kynges doughter, which this sigh
For pure abasshe drew hir adrigh.
Gower, Conf. Am.

Droupen, droop. A. 4. 13.
Drozhe, Drozghe, drew. A. 44. 3. B. 26. 2.

Duelle, dwell, abide.
Dure, deer. A. 4. 7.

Enyn, eyes. A. 9. 12. B. 66. 11.
Emunge, among.
Enclawet, nailed? riveted? A. 30. 5. *Fr. Enclouées.*
En-doret, gilded. A. 36. 4.
Engrelet, interspersed. A. 40. 2.
Enmeys, enemies. C. 71. 2.
Enparel, apparel? A. 29. 9.
Enperit? A. 19. 6. Perhaps for ensperit, *i. e.* inspired.
Ensese, take possession. A. 23. 3.
Ernde, errand. B. 20. 3.
Erliche? B. 41. 2. Eyrthely, *Weber.*

Fay, faith. A. 41. 11 : 31. 8.
Fales, Failis, Faylis, fails, is wanting. A. 18. 12 : 46. 4. C. 4. 3.
Falle, befall. A. 23. 13.
Fare, course, pursuit. A. 4. 8. unusual display, entertainment. Qu. *afare*, i. e. ado, bustle? 31. 9. onset. 41. 6.
Fast, liberally. A. 18. 11.
Faste, fasten. C. 7. 8.
Fau? A. 7. 2. Fah *Sax.* shining, variegated. It may be read Fan, *Sax.* Fæn, Fen, wet, fenny—used, frequently in composition—as Fen-land, Fenhof.
Fauyn? A. 31. 8. Perhaps we should read *fanyn*, i. e. *fanon*, the knight's banner.
Fawre, four. C. 7. 15.
Fawtutte, failed, wanted. A. 45. 2.

"For fauȝte of her fode."
Deposition of K. Richard.

And as for an C good knyghtes, I haue myself, but I fawte L, for so many haue been slayn in my days. *Morte d'Arthure, b.* 3. *c.* 1.

Fax, hair. A. 29. 5.
Feyce, fees, rewards. B. 41. 10.
Feye, destined to death, fated. C. 4. 6.
Feyful, fatal, deadly. A. 4. 7. Feaful, very, exceeding.—*Craven Glossary.*
Fele, many. A. 21. 2. fell, everthrow. C. 38. 11.
Felle, fierce. A. 4. 8. Felle. A. 4. 7. Fellun. A. 1. 7. *See note.* to fell, strike down. C. 20. 11.
Felles, hills, moors. A. 1. 8. Fellun. A. 4. 11.
Fellus, fellows, equals, peers. A. 3. 7. Felo. B. 51. 12. Felau. B. 55. 12. Felow. C. 59. 10. Feloys. 66. 1. Foloys. 64. 15.
Fellus, bristled hide? C. 3. 14.
Ferd, feared, frightened. A. 31. 9.
Ferd, fared, proceeded. B. 19. 2. C. 50. 16. acted. B. 66. 3.
Fere, fear. C. 4. 6.
Fere, companion. B. 12. 3. C. 52. 14. In fere, together. A. 26. 6. C. 41. 9 : 50. 16 : 55. 3.
Fery? error for fey? dead. A. 22. 2.
Ferly, wonder, marvel. A. 41. 11. *pl.* Ferlès. A. 23. 13.
Fermysones, a hunting term applied to the time in which the male deer were closed, or not allowed to be killed. A. 1. 8.
Ferre, far. B. 1. 3.
Fewtre, the lance-rest. C. 42. 7.
Feȝte, fight.
Filde, Fyld, Fylde, field.
Fille, belly-full? A. 45. 2.

Fynde, fiend. C. 7. 8.

Fyne, unconditional. B. 64. 6.

Flacy, flay, kill? C. 7. 15. frighten, *Brockett.*

Flourrè, flowered, flory. A. 31. 11.

Flote, complained? B. 36. 6.

Unto herself fast gan she flyte,
And said with wrang now I hir wite.
Iwain and Gawin, 1027.

Fode, man, person. B. 54. 6.

Fold, folded. A. 29. 5. embrace. A. 29. 12. C. 72. 4.

Fold, earth, ground. A. 39. 6. Folde. C. 1. 2.

Fole, foal, horse. A. 42. 9. fool. B. 14. 1.

Folo, follow. A. 4. 8. Folut. 5. 11. Follutte. C. 6. 10. *p. t.* Folut, baptised. A. 18. 4.

For-betun, thoroughly beaten. A. 51. 9.

For-bye, past? C. 25. 6.

For-bled, covered with blood. A. 51. 8.

For-bote, forbid. B. 60. 12.

For-brissute, broken, bruised. A. 51. 8.

Fore, fared, went. C. 10. 7.

Fore-loke, ill fortune? B. 34. 6.

For-sette, obstruct, way-lay? C. 38. 6: 39. 12.

For-thi, therefore. A. 34. 9. C. 25. 16.

For-thoȝte, repented. B. 18. 3.

Forur, furs? A. 13. 10.

"Fleshly lustes and festes,
And furures of divers bestes."
Warton, 2. 200.

Forwart, covenaut, agreement. B. 42. 10.

For-wundret, astonished. A. 26. 9.

For-ȝilde, requite. C. 42. 1.

Founde, to go, journey. A. 7. 1: 21. 1. Foundut, *p. t.* A. 32. 9. B. 5. 9. C 3. 16. Funde, try, endeavour. Fond to don beter. *P. P.'s Crede.* A. 25. 7. Foundes, strikes. 47. 12.

Foundret, stumbled. A. 42. 9.

Fowle? B. 36. 2. Weber's MS. reads,

"As a fole Y am for-flytte."

Fraest, seek, find? A. 32. 9.

Frayn, ask, seek.

Fredde, frightened? A. 1. 7.

Freke, man, warrior. A. 32. 8.

Freli, noble, lovely, used substantively. A. 29. 12. B. 54. 6.

Fresun, Friesland horse. A. 43. 5. B. 31. 8.

Frettut, ornamented. A. 29. 5: 46. 4.

"For round environ her crounet
Was full of riche stones afret."
Rom. of the Rose, 3203.

"Attour his belte his liart lockis laie
Feltrit unfaire, or-fret with frostis hore." *Test. of Cres.*

Frythys, Frythun, inclosed woods. A. 1. 8: 4. 11.

Fuilde, field.

Fuld, *see* Fold, earth. A. 34. 2.

Furcely, Fuyrsly, fiercely. C. 3. 6: 6. 14.

Fuyrthe, fourth. C. 5. 6.

Funde fute, found the track by the scent. C. 6. 9.

Gaye, gay, used substantively. A. 41. 10.

Gamesuns, quilted doublet to defend the body. A. 31. 3.

Gart, caused. A. 37. 13. *See* Ger.

Gatys, way, path. A. 3. 2. Her gates were gayne, her road was straight, di-

rect. A. 7. 7. *See Brockett*, v. v. Gate, Gain.

Gente, fair. B. 58. 8.

Ger, Gere, to cause. A. 17. 2 : 21. 12. B. 24. 7. Gerutte, *p. t.* B. 50. 2. Gret. C. 63. 5.

Gere, array. A. 39. 2. C. 3. 10 : 21. 8.

Gersums, treasure. A. 54. 8.

Geste, *pl.* Gestus, guest. C. 7. 16 : 46. 6.

Gete, get. A. 22. 10.

Geuen, gave. A. 5. 7. Geuees, gives. B. 39. 4.

Gyde, attire, gown. A. 2. 2 : 29. 2.

Giffe, if.

Gyffon, Gifhen, given. B. 54. 7. A. 33. 6.

Gillus, glens. A. 33. 2.

Girdus, strikes, smites. A. 45. 10. Gurdus, 47. 8.

Gledes, burning coals, embers. A. 10. 1 : 31. 3.

Glemit, gleamed, shone. A. 2. 2.

Gilderand, glittering. A. 2. 2.

Glysset, looked. A. 28. 5.

Gloet, glowed. A. 10. 1 : 31. 3.

Gloppen, to wail, lament. A. 7. 13 : 41. 10.

Gode, good, Gode-father, God-father. C. 20. 8.

Gome, man, knight, warrior. A. 34. 7 : 8. 9.

Gomun, Gomen, sport, pleasure, game. B. 55. 7. A. 5. 7 : 12. 3.

Gones, groans? C. 12. 4.

Gous? A. 10. 11. Qu : for Glowes, looks upon?

Grattur, greater. A. 12. 4 : 33. 2. Grattust. B. 28. 11.

Grayth, preparation. A. 34. 7. ready. C. 36. 8. Graythist, readiest. A. 1. 12 : 34. 10. Grathely, C. 62. 9. The Lancashire word *Graydely*, means properly, expertly.

Graythet, arrayed. A. 40. 1.

Grechut, grew angry. A. 41. 4.

Gresse, grass. A. 29. 2.

Grete, weep. A. 7. 13. Grette, *p. t.* 38. 12.

Greundes, greyhounds. A. 10. 8.

Grillus, torments. A. 33. 6. Grille, piercing? 48. 9.

Grym, Gryme, grim, hideous. A. 26. 2 : 10. 8.

Grymlokkest, most fearful. A. 8. 8.

Gryse, monster? C. 2. 16.

Gryseliche, grisly, horrible, horribly.

Greuis, groves.

Grythe, respite, peace? A. 5. 7.

"For bugelys blaste and brachys crye
With oppon mowthe full veralye
There myght no best have gryethe."

Ipomadon.

Grouelongs, grovelling. A. 47. 9.

Gurdes, smites. A. 47. 8. Gurdenne, spur. A. 39. 1.

"A gyrd rycht to the king couthe he maik."

Bruce, 5. 629.

Haa, azure. A. 2. 5.

"And in the night she listith best t'apere,
Hawe as the leed, of colour nothing clere."

Test. of Creseide.

Haches, racks for hay. A. 35. 6.

Hailsutte, saluted. A. 27. 8.

Halen, haul, take. A. 35. 5.
Hald, keep. B. 1. 11.
Haldurs, elders, ancestors. C. 1. 7.
Hals, neck. C. 65. 11.
Happe, good fortune. C. 28. 6.
Hase, as. A. 19. 5.
Hathels, noblemen, knights.
Haulen, halloo. A. 5. 5.
He, high. A. 27. 7.
Hedis, heads. A. 30. 8.
Hedoes, hideous. C. 14. 12.
Heynde, courteous. C. 6. 2.
Held, to bend, go back. C. 21. 14.
Hele, conceal, hide. B. 3. 6.
Hely, wholly, above? A. 35. 6.
Hente, received. A. 38. 7. catch, lay hold of. C. 13. 11. taken. C. 59. 10.
Herdus, nobles, courtiers, attendants. A. 10. 13: 11. 1.
Here, on hereand hom alle, in the hearing of them all. A. 32. 1. their. A. 39. 2.
Hersing, rehearsing, hesitation? A. 51. 10. Lettynge MSS. L. and D.
Hestus, bidding, commands. A. 19. 1.
Hete, promise. A. 19. 1.
Hete, heat, attack? C. 42. 16.
Hething, contempt. B. 2. 5.
Hethun, hence. A. 19. 11.
Hettus, promised. B. 63. 3.
Heue, complexion. A. 9. 4.
Heue, heaved, raised. C. 14. 7.
Heued, head. A. 42. 8.
Heuen, hew? A. 46. 1.
He3er, higher. C. 4. 1.
He3te (on,) on high, aloft, above. Opon he3te, aloud. A. 41. 3.
"Then all they leuche upon lofte."
Dunbar, in Sibbald, 1. 213.
He3te, promised. C. 10. 3. owed. B. 26. 8.
He3t, was called. B. 14. 7.
Hie, Hye, haste. A. 4. 3: 34. 7. C. 5. 13: 42. 16.
Hyes, Hiet, hastens, hastened. A. 10. 7. C. 19. 6: 52. 4.
Hiere, hair, bristles? C. 14. 12.
Hi-fath, in faith. B. 12. 2.
Hyild, tarried? C. 40. 1.
Hilling, covering. A. 9. 4.
Hinde, courteous. C. 41. 7.
Hindely, courteously. A. 27. 8.
Hyre, her.
Hit, its. A. 8. 11. 12. *Lanc.* Hitte, it.
Hy3te (on), see He3te.
Hoes, hills. A. 5. 5.
Holket, sunk. A. 9. 12.
"Full laithly thus sall ly thy lusty heid
Holkit and how."
The three Deid Powis.—Sibbald, 1. 192.
Holle, hollow. A. 9. 12. whole. 54. 10.
Holli, wholly. B. 25. 12.
Holtis, forests. A. 4. 4.
Hom, them.
Hor, their.
Hore, hoary. A. 4. 4.
Horsing, horse. C. 31. 8.
Houes, waits, tarries. B. 46. 2. Houet, Houut. C. 11. 12: 19. 4.
Houyn, raised. B. 20. 8.
Howundus-squayn, whipper-in? C. 5. 11.
Hud, hood. A. 2. 5.
Hurlen, drag. A. 15. 5.
Hurles, earls. A. 3. 7.
Hurstes, woods. A. 5. 5.

Ichone, each one. B. 41. 12. C. 10. 4.
Ilke, same. A. 2. 10: 30. 6.
I-mele, together. A. 25. 8.
I-nu3he, enough. A. 29. 11.

Iopput? Iorput? C. 42. 10.
Iournay, applied to the day of jousting. B. 48. 3.
Iraille? A. 46. 3.
Irke, incommoded. A. 6. 12.
I-wis, truly, certainly. A. 24. 4.

Kayrit, returned. A. 53. 13.
Keghet, suffered? C. 16. 12.
Kele, cool, assuage. A. 4. 6 : 16. 6.
Kelle, caul, lady's head-dress. A. 29. 6.
" And on hire hed a comeli calle."
Kynge of Tars, 365.
Kene, bold, brave. A. 11. 9 : 47. 3.
Kenettes, hounds. A. 4. 6. C. 6. 5.
Kennit, known. B. 2. 6.
Keruet, carved, cut. A. 41. 1.
Keruys, Kerues, carves, cuts. A. 47. 5 : 48. 1.
Keste of, threw off. A. 4. 5.
Keuyr, recover. B. 40. 3 : 68. 10. Keuyrt, *p. t.* 55. 1.
" That me wald help to cover of care."
Ywaine and Gawin, 2141.
Keȝte, caught. A. 49. 2. B. 8. 12.
Kydde, known, renowned. A. 1. 3. Kyd, 11. 9. Kidde, shewed. B. 28. 10.
Kin, kind of, Kinwise. B. 29. 1. Kynne maner, 44. 7. Kynne thinge. C. 34. 3.
Kyndelich, natural. C. 11. 2. Kindely 17. 2. A. 38. 1.
Kithe, shewed, manifested. B. 23. 3. Kithum, shew. C. 25. 1 : 27. 5.
Kythe, country. A. 12. 8.

Laa, Lawes, law? C. 26. 9 : 23. 7.
Ladde, *p. t.* led. B. 70. 2 : 42. 3.
Ladise, ladies. C. 34. 6.
Laes, laws. C. 36. 10.
Lafte, *p. t.* left.
Laghe, laugh. A. 34. 4.
Laykes, strife of battle. A. 42. 5. *Sax.* Lac. *Goth.* Laiks, sport.
Layn, conceal. A. 7. 5 : 16. 9. Laynes, conceals. C. 70. 13. " Mete laynes mony lakke," *i. e.* meat hides many a want.
Laythe, disgraceful. A. 34. 3.
Laythelych luffe, horrible laugh, grin. C. 4. 13.
Lante lone, lent loan. B. 38. 10.
Latelest, unmannerly. A. 41. 3.
Lates, features, countenance. A. 37. 1.
Lau, Law, low. A. 13. 8 : 21. 8 : C. 26. 7. Lauyst, *superl.* A. 7. 6.
Lau, a low, flame. A. 7. 5.
Lauchet, laughs. A. 13. 6.
Lede, speech, language. A. 7. 5. man, person. 22. 6. Ledè, lady. 34. 4.
Lees? C. 17. 7.
Lefe, dear, agreeable.
Lefè, leafy. A. 6. 5.
Lele, loyal, faithful. B. 43. 4. *Scot.* leal.
Lemyt, shone. C. 65. 4.
Lemmon, leman, mistress.
Lene, lend, grant. B. 55. 2.
" I sal lene the her mi ring,
But yelde it me at myne askyng."
Ywaine and Gawin, 737.
Lenyt, leaned. C. 15. 10.
Leng, Lengur, long, longer.
Leng, dwell, tarry, remain. A. 28. 11 : 32. 11. B. 28. 5 : 71. 10.
Lere, countenance. A. 13. 6.
Lese, lose. A. 22. 12. release. C. 23. 7. Leyce, loose, free. C. 26. 9.
Lesse, falsehood. B. 46. 9 : 53. 4.
Lette, hindrance. A. 3. 10. B. 65. 1. Letting. C. 1. 10. *sæpe.*

Leue, love. C. 28. 1. leave. A. 36. 13. B. 5. 10. forsake. A. 14. 7. On-leue, alive. 22. 6. Leuyt, left. A. 22. 2. Leuet. 22. 6.

Leuyr, rather. C. 44. 14.

Leuyng, life. C. 8. 11. Leuand, living. C. 66. 14.

Leuyn, lightening. C. 65. 4.

Licius, delicious. B. 21. 6.

Lifd, lived. C. 1. 8.

Lynd? A. 17. 6. "And quhill him liket thar to leynd," *i. e.* dwell. Bruce, 3. 747.

"And for to lende by that lak." *The Houlat.*

"I lenyt down amangst the flowris sueit."

Henryson, Prol. to Fables. St. 4.

Lyputt, divided. C. 65. 12.

Lise, lies. B. 12. 6. Lyce. C. 72. 7.

Listus, likes. A. 17. 5.

Liue, Lyue, Life. B. 70. 2. Lyuus, live's. 71. 11. Lyuys. C. 69. 8.

Lyȝt, descend, alight, fall. A. 3. 6: 17. 6. fallen. 13. 8.

Loce, honor, praise. C. 59. 13. *See* Loos.

Loe, low. A. 3. 6.

Loghe, loch, lake. A. 3. 5: 7. 5. laughed. 41. 3. C. 33. 2.

Loket, looked. B. 7. 4.

Loos, renown, praise. C. 34. 6. Lose. A. 36. 7.

Lorne, lost. A. 37. 2.

Lothe, harm? C. 57. 3.

Louyd, praised. C. 65. 15.

Loute, bow down, bend to, obey. A. 14. 7.

Lucius, luscious. A. 36. 3.

Luf, Lufue, love. A. 17. 5. B. 52. 11.

Luffe, B. 40. 1. Lufd, loved. B. 58. 11. C. 52. 13.

Luflyche, courteous. A. 49. 10.

Lufsum, lovely. A. 27. 6.

Lure, liar. B. 64. 11.

Mace, makes. A. 40. 6.

Machet, matched in fight. A. 34. 2.

May, maiden. B. 53. 9.

Mayles, Maylis, coats of mail, rings of mail. A. 30. 5: 39. 11: 40. 10. 47. 6.

Makette, make. B. 64. 11.

Makeles, matchless. A. 27. 10. Makelest? 48. 10.

Marre, mar, hurt, oppose. C. 41. 2.

Marret, moaned? A. 9. 6.

Mase. A. 5. 12: 39. 4. *See note.*

Masly, hugely? C. 3. 13.

Matyttory or Matycory, *perhaps error for* Mantycory.* A. 43. 9.

Maugreue, wrong. *Fr.* malgré. C. 57. 2.

Maungery, feast. B. 55. 5.

Mekes, makes. C. 15. 16: 16. 1.

Mele, speak, talk. A. 6. 9: 26. 2.

Mene, mention, commemorate. A. 6. 8.

Menes, reflects, minds one of? A. 13. 11.

Menet, moaned. A. 9. 6.

Mengit, troubled. A. 46. 9.

Menyng, moaning. A. 46. 11.

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* The Mantichora a fabulous beast described by Pliny, Lib. 8. c. 21.

"Ther he fond addren and monecores,
And a feoll worm, Cales and Manticores."

Kyng Alisaunder, 7094.

Mennè, attendants. B. 41. 7. Menè. 66. 4.
Meruel, marvel. A. 6. 10.
Mestur, need. B. 36. 12. C. 35. 14.
Mesure, moderation. A. 20. 3.
Mete, dinner. B. 27. 2.
Mydlert, middle-earth, world. A. 50. 6.
Mykyll, Mekel, much.
Myldelik, humbly. A. 37. 6.
Myn, Mynne, mention, remember. A. 18. 9: 25. 8.

"He his holdinge Ich hope to have me in hus masse,
And menge me in hus memorie among alle Crystine."
Piers Ploughman.

Mynnyng, commemoration, anniversary. A. 19. 2.
Mys, fault, offence. A. 15. 11: 16. 3.
Mysfare, wretched. B. 21. 6.
Mo, more. C. 5. 7.
Mon, moan, mourn for. B. 12. 2.
Mone, must, may. C. 3. 11.
Monraden, homage. A. 50. 5.
Morun, morn. A. 37. 6.
Mote, note of music, used metaphorically. C. 16. 10.
Moȝte, might.
Mubulle, property, goods. A. 16. 4.
Mulde, earth, mould. A. 16. 4. C. 1. 1.
Mun, must.
Musut, looked fixedly, as out of the senses. A. 9. 6.

Nayre, heir. A. 27. 11.
Nanlaȿ, anlas, a pointed blade or spike. A. 30. 13.
Nase, nose. B. 7. 1.
Naxty, filthy. A. 15. 3.
Nede, of necessity. C. 40. 16. Nedelonges. B. 12. 1.
Nere, never. C. 52. 15.
Nerre, near. B. 7. 2.
Neȝe, come nigh, approach. Neghe. C. 54. 10. Neghet. 15. 13.
Nyf, nor. A. 9. 4.
Nyll, will not. C. 67. 8.
Noke, oak. C. 15. 13: 17. 8.
Nome, name. B. 27. 1.
None, own. A. 49. 4. B. 60. 9. Nowun. 58. 1.
None, noon. C. 46. 3.
Nones, nonce. B. 44. 5.
Nothir, other. C. 3. 10.

O-boue, above. A. 38. 11.
Off, of. A. 11. 2.
On, one. A. 8. 8. B. 1. 11.
On, upon. B. 66. 7.
Oneli, lonely. B. 11. 12.
On-liȝte, light on. C. 38. 12.
On-lofte, on high. A. 48. 8: 42. 3.
On-stray, apart. A. 31. 2.
Onus, once. A. 12. 12. B. 13. 12.
Or, before. A. 15. 9. till. C. 9. 6.
Ordan, take order. B. 4. 3.
Ore-drofe, overthrew, cast away. B. 48. 7.
Orennus, overruns. A. 21. 3.
Ote, knows. A. 43. 1.
Other, or. C. 15. 7. 12.
Outray, injure, destroy. A. 24. 12.

Padok, toad. A. 9. 11.
Pay, pleasure. A. 2. 6. B. 53. 6. C. 61. 7. Paye. A. 31. 6.
Pall, Palle, rich or fine work. A. 26. 10: 34. 12: 35. 1.
Palle-werke, fine cloth. A. 2. 6.

Pauelun, pavilion. A. 34. 12.
Pees, peace. B. 67. 12. C. 22. 4. Pese. B. 46. 12.
Pelidoddes? A. 31. 6.
Pere, peer, in like state. B. 38. 12.
Perre, jewelry. A. 2. 6: 29. 5.
Pi3te, pitched, fixed. A. 37. 7. arrayed, ornamented. 28. 2: 34. 13.
Playus, plays, sport. C. 34. 5.
Ploes, ploughs. A. 12. 5.
Plu3e, plough. C. 49. 14.
Polans, knee-pieces in a suit of armour. A. 31. 6.
Polle, pole, head. A. 9. 11.
Poon, like a peacock's tail? *Paon*, Fr. A. 28. 2.
Poudert, sprinkled over. A. 31. 6.
Pouere, power. A. 14. 4.
Pourte, poverty. B. 33. 11.
Poundes, pouds? A. 12. 5.
Prayd? drew. *See* Brayd. A. 35. 7.
Prece, throng, company. C. 47. 10.
Preke, gallop away. C. 70. 16. rode up. 19. 5.
Prene, pin, bodkin? A. 29. 8.
Presowun, prisoner. C. 24. 2. Presunnere. 33. 1.
Preste, ready, prompt. A. 55. 3. C. 2. 3: 36. 15.
Prestely, promptly. C. 19. 5.
Preuabulle, proved in war, of prowess. C. 2. 3: 36. 15.
Preue, prove. C. 37. 15. Preued. 10. 15.
Price, Prise, price, estimation, prize. C. 34. 5: 72. 6.
Prykette, gnawed? A. 9. 11.
Prowe, proof. C. 18. 3.
Prudliche, proudly. A. 28. 2.
Prustes, prustus, priests. B. 25. 7.
Purtenans, appurtenances. A. 19. 5.
Puret, furred. A. 22. 2.
Pusane, gorget of mail or plate, attached to the helmet. A. 45. 11.

Quarte, joy. A. 20. 10.
Quat, what.
Quedur, whither. A. 11. 5. whither thou art going. Quethir. 32, 3.
Quele, wheel. A. 21. 6. quele-wry3te, wheelwright. 21. 11.
Quellun, kill. A. 4. 9.
Quen, when. C. 4. 9.
Questun, hunt in full cry. A. 4. 9.
Quethun, whence. A. 28. 12: 32. 2.
Quettus, whets. C. 4. 9: 12. 9.
Quyles, Quyl, Quille, while, until. C. 19. 2. Quil. B. 3. 11.
Quyte, white.
Quo, who. Quom, whom.
Qwen, when.
Qwi, why. C. 33. 12.
Qwitte, free, redeemed. B. 2. 2. Quytte, paid? B. 16. 1.

Raches, hounds. A. 5. 6. C. 6. 7: 7. 5.
Radde, Rad, afraid. A. 9. 8, 9.
Radder, redder. A. 13. 5.
Rade, rode. C. 19. 6.
Radly, readily, promptly. C. 19. 6.
Rafte, rafter? C. 25. 3. deprived, bereaved. C. 7. 4.
Ray, array. A. 2. 4: 31. 4. queen? 14. 3: king? 49. 3.
Raykit, went, retired. A. 9. 8: 36 5.
Rathe, savage, hasty. A. 34. 9. quickly. B. 30. 4. C. 16. 8.
Raw, row. C. 6. 8.
"Lo quhair thay raik on raw."
Robine and Makyne. Hailes, 124.
Rebans, ribbons. A. 2. 3: 31. 4.
Rechase, the recheat, a hunting term ap-

plied to the notes blown on the horn to call the dogs. A. 5. 10.

Rechs, recks. C. 51. 12.

Recraiand, recreant. C. 19. 9.

Rede, *n.* counsel. A. 8. 2. B. 3. 1.

Rede, *v.* advise, counsel. A. 34. 9 : 41. 5 : 43. 4.

Redeles? A. 7. 3. reddoure. MS. Douce, fear.

Rees, haste. C. 22. 16. res. A. 9. 8.

Relesche, release. A. 50. 3.

Releues, follow? continue? A. 5. 6.

"When the chassers relyit war."
Bruce, 7. 91.

"He releyt to him mony a knycht."
Ibid. 2. 401. 427.

It seems the same word as *rally* in these passages.

Remus, realms. A. 21. 3.

Remuyt, removed? C. 70. 12.

Rennyng, running. C. 6. 8. Rengnyng. 7. 5.

Renghte, rent? A. 50. 3. rentes, MS. L.

Rere, raise. B. 1. 5 : 12. 9.

Rest, resting place? quarters? A. 5. 6. C. 7. 4 : 70. 12. rested? A. 25. 5 : 18. 10.

Reuersut, trimmed. A. 2. 3.

Reuet, bereaved. A. 22. 8.

Rialle, royal. A. 24. 5 : 26. 7. used substantively. 36. 5.

Ryding, encounter. A. 23. 8.

Ryȝt, right, Ryȝtewis, righteous. A. 25. 5.

Righte, retch, tear, cut. A. 39. 11.

Riȝte, rite, funeral service. B. 24. 6.

Rysche-rote, rush-root. A. 43. 7.

Rise, bushes. C. 2. 12.

Roe? A. 5. 6.

Romy, growl. C. 12. 3.

"The bore rored and romed so hydously."
Morte d'Arthur, 1. 137.

Ron, rose-bush? A. 13. 5.

"The roseis reid arrayit rone and ryss." *Henryson, Prol. to Fables. Sibbald*, 1. 91.

Ronke, strong. A. 47. 6.

Rote, root. C. 4. 12 : 12. 14.

Roune, tell, announce. C. 10. 9.

Route, retinue. A. 14. 3. multitude. 24 5 : 26. 7. blow. A. 41. 5.

Rowte, snort? C. 12. 3.

Roȝte, care. C. 25. 15.

Rud, complexion. A. 13. 5.

Rude, big. C. 25. 3.

Rudely, speedily. A. 47. 11. C. 15. 8.

Ruet, rued. C. 22. 16.

Ruskes, roots. C. 12. 14.

Sa savmhellns? A. 2. 11. Sambutes, housings, MS. D.

Saferes, sapphires. A. 2. 8.

Say, essay, try. C. 8. 8. trial. C. 28. 7.

Sailles, salutes. B. 57. 3. Saylut, *p. t.* 37. 12. Salit. 11. 9.

Sale, hall. A. 6. 5 : 27. 1

Salers, salt cellars. A. 35. 8.

Saluen, heal, salve. A. 19. 10. sauyt, healed? 54. 4.

Sanapus, napkins. A. 35. 8.

Sandelle, fine silk. A. 30. 9.

Sare, sore. A. 7. 10. used substantively, 19. 10.

Satenas, Satnace, Satanas, Satan. C. 8. 8 : 5. 3 : 15. 4.

Saule, soul.

Saueward, safe ward. C. 30. 3.

Saȝtun, become reconciled. A. 52. 10.

Saȝtenyng, reconciliation. A. 51. 11.

Scapette, escaped. A. 37. 4. Scaput. C. 25. 6.

Scatheles, without injury. A. 37. 4.

Scha, grove. A. 6. 2.

Schaft, chops? jaws? A. 11. 2.

Schaftes, spears. B. 55. 6.

Schaftmun, half a foot. A. 41. 2.

Schayr, chair. A. 38. 10.

Schalle, *scil.* go, art going. A. 11. 5: 32. 3.

Schapelle, chapel. A. 35. 3.

Schene, beautiful, bright, clear. A. 6. 2: 31. 5.

Schente, disgraced. C. 44. 8.

Schilde, hide. C. 13. 4: 11. 6? 16. 16?

Schimnay, chimney. A. 35. 4.

Schyn, shall. A. 23. 13.

Schinbandus, greaves? armour for the legs. A. 31. 5.

Scho, she.

Schomely? A. 46. 5. *Error for* Schenely?

Schope, shaped, created. B. 39. 11.

Schrede, break in pieces. A. 44. 10.

Shredes, shrouds, protects from. A. 2. 7. Schrod, shrouded, clothed. A. 2. 7.

Schredus, shreds. A. 31. 5.

Schrewis, knaves. B. 39. 5.

Scoes, Scoghes, groves. A. 10. 12: 5. 1.

Scrillus, screams. A. 42. 3.

Scryken, shriek. A. 10. 12. Scrykes. 42. 3.

Se, Seȝhe, saw. A. 31. 10. 13. B. 6. 6. sea. B. 44. 1.

Segge, man. A. 23. 3: 22. 8.

Sekur, Sekir, safe, sure, trusty. C. 30. 12: 34. 3: 13. 4.

Selcouthe, marvellous, strange. C. 56. 16.

Sele, good fortune, prosperity. C. 63. 2. B. 31. 7.

Seledyms, chalcedonies. A. 2. 9.

Seler, canopy. A. 27. 2.

Sembult, assembled. C. 41. 9.

Semelist, fairest. A. 28. 7. B. 40. 7. Semelokest. A. 6. 1.

Serclet, circled. A. 2. 9.

Sere, several, diverse. C. 10. 4. Part in sere, divide. B. 1. 9: 65. 12.

Seriandys, sergeants. A. 5. 12: 39. 4.

Seruut, served.

Session, meeting. A. 23. 3. Q. for Sesown, *i. e.* season, time?

Sesun, time. C. 16. 15.

Sesutt, ceased. A. 51. 2.

Seteler, player on the citole, a sort of hurdy-gurdy. A. 27. 5.

Sethyn, Sethun, since, afterwards, then. A. 20. 5. C. 10. 13.

Share, cut, sheared. A. 41. 2.

Shaturt, chattered? A. 11. 2.

"His tethe chattrit and shiveret with the chin." *Test. of Creseide.*

Shide, splintered? A. 39. 7. Schides, splinters.

Shildur, shoulder.

Shin, chin? A. 11. 2.

Shindre, splinter. A. 39. 7.

Shol, jowl. A. 11. 2.

Siking, sighing. A. 7. 10. Sikes. B. 10. 4.

Syldun, seldom. A. 31. 10.

Siles, sinks. C. 16. 13.

Site, torment. A. 17. 1. Sit. C. 16. 13.

Sithe, time. Fele sithe, often, many times.

Sithenne, then. A. 39. 8. see Sethyn.

Sittus, grieves. B. 21. 3: 34. 3.

Sy3te, site? place? C. 70. 10.

Skille, Skylle, reason.

Slac, gap or ravine between two hills. A. 23. 12.

Slely, slily. C. 3. 5.

Slidus, falls. C. 17. 15.

Slikes, slides. A. 48. 6.

Slyuyng, sly trick? A. 48. 5. Slynge, MSS. L. and D. blow.

Sloe, slay. B. 63. 5. Slo3e, slew. C. 6. 13.

Smekis, smokes. C. 15. 12.

Smerte, quick, prompt. A. 42. 10.

Smyther? A. 42. 10.

Snaue, snow. A. 7. 4.

Snaypely, nippingly? A. 7. 4.

Snellus, pierces. A. 7. 4.

Snyteraud, drifting. A. 7. 4.

So, saw. C. 40. 2.

Socurt, succoured. A. 17. 12.

Solas, sport. A. 5. 13.

Sometour, sumpter-man. B. 18. 7.

Somoun, summons. B. 72. 5.

Somun, together. B. 55. 8. C. 25. 5. Somen, 27. 9.

"His moder and he dwellyd in same,
With moche myrthe joye and game."
Weber, Ipomydon, 1555.

Sone, soon. C. 7. 11.

Soppus of demayn, strengthening draughts or viands. A. 37. 10.

Sowmus, sums. A. 12. 4.

So3t, sought.

Spanos, grasps? C. 13. 1.

Spedde, profited by? B. 42. 12.

Spense, expence. C. 48. 2.

Spild, broke, injured. C. 3. 9: 14. 8. Spillutte. 11. 8.

Spildurs, splinters. C. 13. 6.

Spille, perish, destroy. B. 12. 5: 36. 5. C. 35. 4. Spilling, failure. A. 20. 8.

Squappe, blow. A. 42. 7.

Sqwappute, struck. A. 40. 7. Squappes, snaps. 40. 11.

Squere, swear, Squorne, *p. p.* B. 23. 1.

Squete, sweet.

Squyne, swine.

Squyppand, sweeping. A. 5. 3.

Squyre, neck. A. 40. 7.

Squith, soon. C. 14. 10: 25. 10. Sqwithely, swiftly. 21. 4.

Sqwithur, soon. C. 44. 3.

Sqwitherly, strongly, violently. A. 5. 3. Squetturly. 42. 7.

Squoes, flows with noise, sweeps? A. 5. 3.

Squonyng, swoon.

Stadde, placed. B. 42. 9. stade. C. 35. 11.

Stalle, stead, place. B. 39. 9.

Stanseld? embroidered? worked with gold or silver thread? A. 31. 2. *Lat. extencellatus. Fr. etincelé.*

Stapuls, staples, fastenings. A. 46. 6. Perhaps the *Vervilles.*

Starte, short space of time. A. 20. 12.

Startand, starting, spirited. A. 40. 4.

Stedyt, stood still? A. 9. 5. Stedis, stands. 32. 4. studied? stopped? C. 43. 13.

Sternes, stars. A. 31. 2.

Stid, Styd, Stydde, place. B. 42. 9: 16. 3. A. 42. 8. Q. from the Saxon stith, stede, stiff, obstinate, used substantively?

Stynte, stop. C. 28. 12. 16: 33. 15.

Stirrun, stern. C. 12. 2. Sterne, used substantively. A. 31. 1.

Stythe, strong. A. 46. 6. Stithest. 38. 9.

Stondartis, tapers of a large size. A 35. 9. Also, stands for armour.
Stonet, confounded, struck senseless. C. 13. 13 : 28. 12.
Store, strong, brave. A. 55. 10. a stake? C. 7. 14. Brockett, *in v.* Stower.
Stoure, battle, conflict. A. 43. 6.
Stowunde, time, a while. C. 26. 13.
Stray, On stray, aside, apart. A. 41. 12 : 31. 2. course? 40. 4.
Strauen, strewn. A. 46. 3.
Strencult, scattered. A. 46. 3.
Stryue, strife. B. 69. 5.
Stuffe? C. 4. 14.
Stryȝte, Streȝte, tight. A. 41. 13 : 42. 1.
Stuffut, stuffed, inclosed. A. 31. 1.
Suche, seek? C. 7. 10. 13.
Sum, where. C. 10. 12. likewise. 20. 9. B. 69. 3.
Sum-qwile, once. A. 12. 1.
Sundurt, divided. C. 16. 15.
Sune, sun. A. 26. 4.
Sute, dress. B. 56. 9.
Sussprisut, surprised. A. 24. 7.

Tablet, table-cloth? A. 31. 11.
Taȝte, committed, entrusted to, gave. A. 3. 9 : 47. 7.

"Sethe y tek to the lond such tene me wes taht."

Song of the Husbandman.

Teche, entrust, appoint to. A. 3. 9.
Tene, sorrow, mischief. A. 22. 9. C. 57. 9. anger. A. 40. 5 : 47. 7.
Tente, taken care of. B. 47. 7. lost, tint. C. 28. 4.
Tenut, hurt. C. 28. 13.
Tere, tedious. A. 10. 4.
Terment, interment. B. 26. 11.
Than, those. A. 4. 1.
Tharne, endure. C. 66. 15.
Thee, The, thrive. C. 37. 16 : 51. 16 : 53. 13.
Thenne, than. B. 3. 3.
Thewis, manners. B. 39. 4.
Thi, with-thi, with this condition. A. 52. 10. B. 62. 8. For-thi, therefore.
Thyk-fold, frequent. A. 4. 7.
Thing, think, seem. A. 25. 10. C. 56. 16.
Thinke, thing. C. 62. 16.
Tho, those.
Thoe, there. B. 19. 4 : 56. 4.
Thore, there. C. 6. 10 : 25. 10.
Thorne, thorn-bush. C. 23. 2. With the thriuand thorne, i. e. against, opposite, the spreading thorn.
Thriuandly, heartily. C. 62. 11.
Throli, thoroughly, earnestly. A. 15. 10.
Thurt, need. C. 57. 6.
Thus-gate, in this way. B. 13. 3 : 29. 5.
Tide, time. A. 26. 3. Tyde, soon. A. 36. 5.
Tille, to. A. 28. 9.
Timburt, built up. A. 22. 9.

"And that hathe tymberde alle my teene."

Le Bon Florence, 560.

Tite, speedily. C. 59. 16.
Tiȝte, fastened. A. 24. 4.
Todus, toads. A. 10. 4.
To-draw, drag about. B. 16. 10.

"That wilde bestis to-drowe and gnowe."

K. Alisaunder, 7108.

Toe, two. B. 7. 7.
To-gnaw, gnaw in pieces. B. 16. 11 : 22. 12.

Tone, the one. C. 64. 15.
Topeus, topas. A. 28. 4.
Torne, tarn. C. 23. 1.
To-rofe, broke in pieces. B. 48. 8.
To-schildurt, broke in pieces. C. 21. 13.
Tranest, error for Tranes? knots. A. 28. 3: 40. 3.
Trase, track of game. A. 5. 11.
Traue, believe. B. 8. 12.
Traueling, travailing, toiling. A. 51. 6.
Tre, wood. B. 6. 5.
Trise, Tars? A. 30. 9.
Tristurs, appointed stations in hunting. A. 3. 8. 9.
Troches, torches. A. 35. 9.
Troue, believe. A. 16. 10: 22. 9. Trowes. 3. 9.
Trowlt, ornamented with knots. A. 28. 3: 40. 3.
Trulufes, true-love-knots. A. 28. 3: 40. 3.
Trumpe, blow trumpets. C. 67. 13.

Ventalle, the moveable part of a helmet, allowed for breathing. A. 32. 5. Ventaylle. 45. 11.
Vernage, kind of white wine. A. 36. 2.
Verres, glasses. A. 36. 2.
Vetaylet, victualed, supplied. B. 48. 4.
Viserne, vizor. A. 32. 5.
Vmbeclosut, encircled. A. 9. 2: 10. 2.
Vmloke, look round, take care. A. 36. 7.
Vnclere, cloudy, dark. A. 10. 2.
Vnclosut, dispersed. A. 26. 4.
Vncowthe, unknown, strange. C. 39. 14.
Vncurtas, uncourteous. A. 8. 6.
Vndiȝte, undressed. C. 54. 2.
Vndur, nine o'clock in the forenoon. A. 17. 11. "Our sovereyn Saviour * * was nayled unto the cross * * hanging thre owris of the day fro under unto none." *MS. Sermon, Bibl. Harl. No.* 2247.
Vnfayn, unwillingly. A. 7. 1.
Vnhindely, uncourteously. A. 15. 5.
Vn-hiȝte, they had plenty of hay, loosened, shaken down, in the racks? A. 35. 6.
Vnlasutte, unlaced. B. 52. 8.
Vnnethe, hardly. A. 51. 7. B. 18. 2.
Vnriȝte, rooted up. C. 4. 12.
Vn-semand, dissembling, putting on? B. 27. 12.
Vn-skill, wrong. B. 67. 1.
Vnsquarut, answered. C. 19. 13.
Vnnewilles, displeasure, unwillingness. A. 33. 8.
Vois, voice. C. 26. 7.
Vouch hur safe, vouchsafe her. B. 53. 8.
Vppe-hent, raised. B. 67. 7.
Vsshet, issued. C. 64. 13.

Waynes, strikes. A. 42. 2.
Waisters, spendthrifts. B. 21. 8.
Wayt, bold, active. C. 2. 8.
Wayth, hunting. A. 34. 5.
Wale, choose. A. 27. 3.
Wan, came. C. 14. 2.
War, wary. C. 1. 13. Warly, warily. C. 2. 7. A. 38. 5.
Ware, protect. C. 14. 4.
Warè, curse. B. 2. 7. Waret, cursed. A. 11. 5. Wary. 33. 7.
Wast, waist. A. 45. 6.
Wathes, harms. C. 14. 4.
Wedde, pawn, pledge. B. 33. 10.
Wedde-fee, wager. C. 53. 15.

Wede, mad A. 43. 12.

Wede, armour, clothing. A. 27. 9. wedes. A. 1. 9.

Wederinges, bad weather. A. 26. 9.

Wedsette, mortgage. B. 3. 7.

Wee, knight, man. A. 29. 1 : We, 32. 2 : 50. 2. Wees, *pl.* 51. 3 : 26. 9. weys. 45. 3.

Weylde, protect. C. 13. 16.

Weyndun, wend, go. A. 1. 9. B. 20. 1. C. 6. 1.

Weld, possess, enjoy. A. 33. 8, 9. B. 40. 10. wield. A. 45. 3.

Wele, wealth, riches. A. 21. 4.

Welke, walked. B. 44 1.

Welle, grassy plain, sward. A. 3. 2.

Welle, flow as a spring? wail? A. 25. 4.

Welthis to wille, riches at pleasure. A. 27. 3.

Wende, weened, thought. B. 37. 2. A. 50. 2.

Wene, doubt. C. 48. 12.

Were, protect. C. 36. 4 : 39. 8.

Wernes, forbids, prevents. C. 9. 7. 13 ; 39. 10 : 45. 2. Wernut, *p. t.* B. 13. 11.

" He may nothir mete nor drink
Y-werne us for shame."

Cokes Tale of Gamelyn.

Werre, war. A. 5. 4. C. 23. 15. weariness? 17. 14.

Wete, wet. A. 7. 9. C. 39. 8.

Wete, know. A. 8. 11. B. 3. 5. Wotte, *p. t.* B. 26. 6.

Weting, knowledge. A. 19. 4.

Wex will of wone, grew wild of will, uncertain what course to pursue. B. 33. 12 : 34. 10.

" Hym partit fra his company
Than was he wil of herbery."

Wyntown.

Wide quare, wide about. B. 60. 6.

Wilsumly, willingly, devotedly. B. 55. 2.

Wyn, Wynne, will. A. 20. 5 : 54. 4.

Wynde, go. B. 5. 10. C. 5. 2.

Wynnun, forcibly remove. C. 32. 13.

Wirde, fate. A. 16. 1.

Wys me, tell me. A. 11. 5.

Wite, blame. B. 62. 1. wise. C. 1. 13.

Wite, know, learn. Witte. 6. 15. *See* Wete.

Wytes, goes. A. 17. 7.

Witturly, truly, certainly. A. 15. 3. C. 6 6, 15 : 21. 11.

Wyuut, married. B. 64. 10.

Wiȝte, person, applied to a female. A. 32. 6.

Wiȝte, active, brave, strong. C. 1. 15 : 4. 16.

Wiȝtely, dextrously. C. 14. 2.

Wyȝtenes, courage. A. 21. 4.

Wlonkes, fair, beautiful, used substantively. A. 1. 9. cheeks. 7. 10.

Wlonkest, fairest. A. 27. 9 : 54. 7.

Woch hit save, vouchsafe it, give it. B. 32. 9.

Wode, mad. B. 66. 3. A. 42. 2.

Wold, possessed, enjoyed, *p. t.* of weld. A. 29. 1.

Wone, habitation. A. 13. 3.

Word, world. B. 35. 3 : 62. 3. A. 15. 7.

Worlyke in wede, worthy in attire. C. 54. 8. an expletive phrase, *see* Wurlych.

Wote, know. C. 2. 2.

Wothe, harm, injury, mischief. Wothes, *pl.* C. 13. 16 : 36. 4.

Wothelik, badly. A. 24. 4. Wothely. 54. 3.

Wrake, destruction, mischief. A. 17. 8 : C. 21. 3.

Wrathes, makes angry. C. 57. 14.
Wrote, grub up the earth. C. 12. 13.
Wroȝte, wrought, driven. A. 17. 9.
Wud, Wudde, wood.
Wunnyng, dwelling. A. 15. 4 : 25. 4.
Wurche, work, cause. B. 3. 2. A. 5. 4. C. 3. 12 : 59. 15.
Wurlych, Wurliche, worthy, honorable. A. 28. 10 : 29. 1 : 32. 2 : 38. 6.
Wurlok in wone, honorable in estimation ? A. 13. 3.
Wurs, worse. A. 48. 4.

Yaure, your.
Yche, each.
Yede, went. B. 19. 7. Yode. 54. 5.

ȝamerly, lamentably. A. 7. 8.
ȝamurt, cried. A. 7. 9 : 9. 3.
ȝare, quickly. A. 44. 8. C. 14. 9. ready, open. 64. 8.
ȝate, gate. A. 14. 10. ȝatis, *pl.*
ȝauland, yelling. A. 7. 8. ȝaulut. 9. 3.
ȝaw, you. C. 7. 10.
ȝe, yea. B. 62. 7. you. 1. 5.
ȝees, gives. A. 14. 10.
ȝelles, yells. A. 7. 8.
ȝinge, young. B. 40. 5. ȝunge. C. 7. 3.
ȝisse, yes. C. 38. 1.
ȝistur-euyn, yester evening. C. 42. 3.
ȝode, went. B. 66. 9.
ȝoe, yea. C. 24. 14.
ȝole, Christmas. B. 14. 2.
ȝonge, tongue ? C. 17. 7.
ȝorne, earnestly, promptly. C. 23. 3. A. 48. 3.

CORRIGENDA, &c.

ERRATA.

The Anturs.

2. 10. her, *read* hyr.
4. 3. on, *read* in.
4. 7. thyk-fold.
9. 2. evyl, *read* euyl.
12. 6. vn-told, *read* un-told.
17. 1. *add a note of interroyation.*
19. 1. the, *read* thè.
24. 4. I-wene, *read* I wene.
28. 5. up, *read* vp.
29. 3. belte, *read* belle.
30. 5, 8. full, *read* ful.
32. 1. then, *read* thenne.
42. 7. suappe, *read* swappe.
45. 7. tother, *read* tothur.
8. stounde, *read* stouunde.
46. 8. evyr, *read* euyr.

Sir Amadace.

20 5. *add at the end of the line* (").
51. 6. as, *read* os.
61. 2. the, *read* thi.

The Avowynge.

4. 16. I-wisse, *read* I wisse.
7. 4. raste, *read* rafte.

ACTUAL READINGS.

The following are the actual readings of the MS.

Anturs.

3. 11. Vn-to a tre an.
14. 5. an besy.
31. 6. he ledus, *is repeated.*
41. 1. He keuet.

Sir Amadace.

28. 4. sometour non.
36. 9. this, *is repeated.*

The Avowynge.

8. 12. hen tille.
24. 14. grauntus ȝee.
38. 1. *first written* couad, *afterwards* comande.
52. 9. vnto.

The following words are either joined together or separated, differently in the MS. and printed copy.

Anturs.

1. 6. in to.

7. 2. faufellus.
12. 1. sumqwile.
32. 5. a uaylet.
34. 9. rathemon.
37. 2. woldnotte.
41. 6. in to.
43. 6. in toesomycull.

Sir Amadace.

37. 2. nomon.
48. 10. e nuȝhe.
50. 10. toesomuch.
55. 11. be for.

The Avowynge.

13. 1. span os.
16. 11. be gan.
24. 6. a gayn.

CONJECTURAL READINGS.

The Anturs.

2. 11. ryche sawn, *i. e. sewed.*
3. 7. he rydus.
9. 10. A padok pykette.
16. 6. hit is.
20. 6. other thinge.
29. 1. wurlichest wiȝte.
33. 2. The grattust.
36. 2. in verrès, and.
41. 5. Sayd, " I.
43. 2. that euyr.
44. 13. thai fyȝte.
53. 13. thay kayre.

Sir Amadace

3. 11. and siluyr.
4. 7. suche men.

The Avowynge.

7. 9. to him.
10. 6. with (outen.)
20. 11. con I. *It has been originally,* con hur selle.
27. 5. thayre gere.
62. 9. hom grete.

DOUBTFUL READINGS.

Anturs.

2. 9. seledyms, or seledynis.
3. 7. The fellus *has been added secunda manu, and should probably be omitted.*

In the Notes, p. 95.
The reference to Meyrick's Critical Enquiry should be vol. i. p. 76. Second Edit.

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